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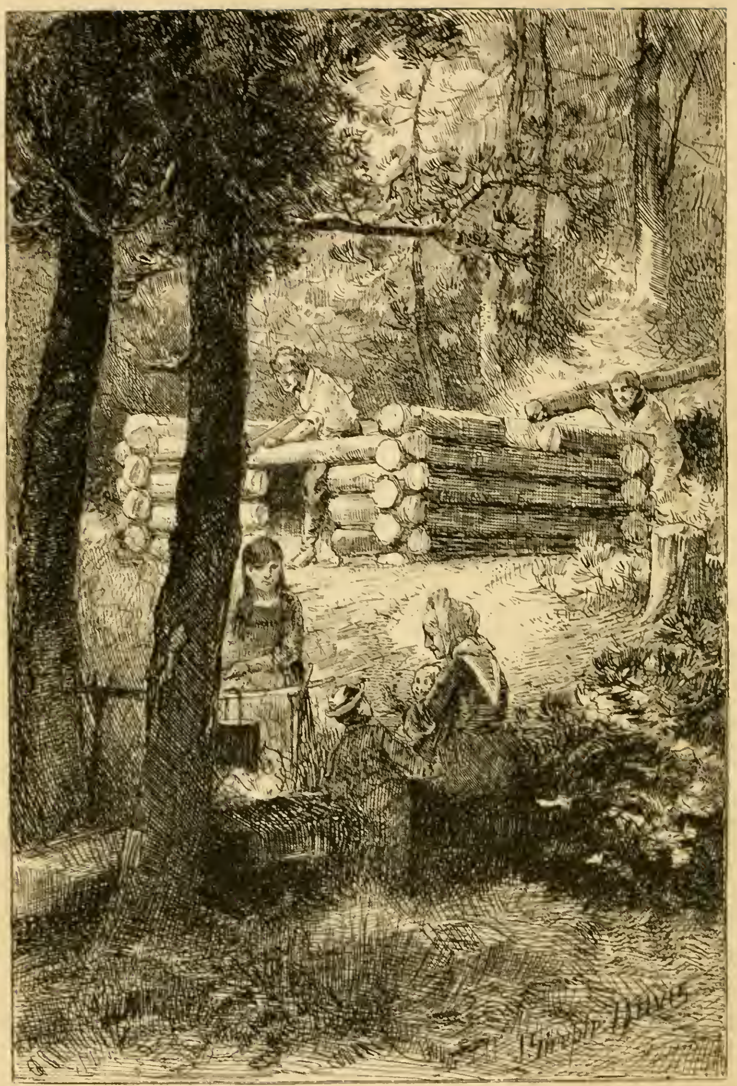
J Steeple Davis

THE CLEARING—BUILDING THE HOUSE.

CHILDREN'S STORIES

OF

AMERICAN PROGRESS

BY

HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT

AUTHOR OF "CHILDREN'S STORIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY"

Illustrated by J. Steeple Davis

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13

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

THE BEGINNING OF WESTERN SETTLEMENT, . . 1

CHAPTER II.

THE BARBARY PIRATES, ... 41

CHAPTER III.

THE PURCHASE OF LOUISIANA, ... 55

CHAPTER IV.

THE EXPEDITION OF LEWIS AND CLARKE TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN, ... 86

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT, ... 104

CHAPTER VI.

THE BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE, ... 121

25800

CHAPTER VII.

PAGE
THE WAR OF 1812, ... 130

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PURCHASE OF FLORIDA, ... 145

CHAPTER IX.

THE STORY OF SLAVERY, ... 159

CHAPTER X.

THE STORY OF THE RAILROAD, ... 179

CHAPTER XI.

INDIAN TROUBLES IN FLORIDA, ... 199

CHAPTER XII.

THE STORY OF THE TELEGRAPH, ... 209

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS, ... 229

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MEXICAN WAR, ... 248

CHAPTER XV.

PAGE
SETTLEMENT OF THE NORTHWEST BOUNDARY, . . 268

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD, ... 279

CHAPTER XVII.

THE REBELLION, ... 299

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SOUTH AFTER THE WAR, ... 328

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CLEARING—BUILDING THE HOUSE, . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

AREA, SETTLEMENT, AND TERRITORIAL DIVISIONS—1800, 1

DECATUR AND THE BARBARY PIRATES, ... 42

PIONEERS IN THE WEST, ... 86

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT, ... 104

ABIGAIL AND REBECCA BATES REPULSING THE BRITISH, 130

FUGITIVE SLAVES, ... 160

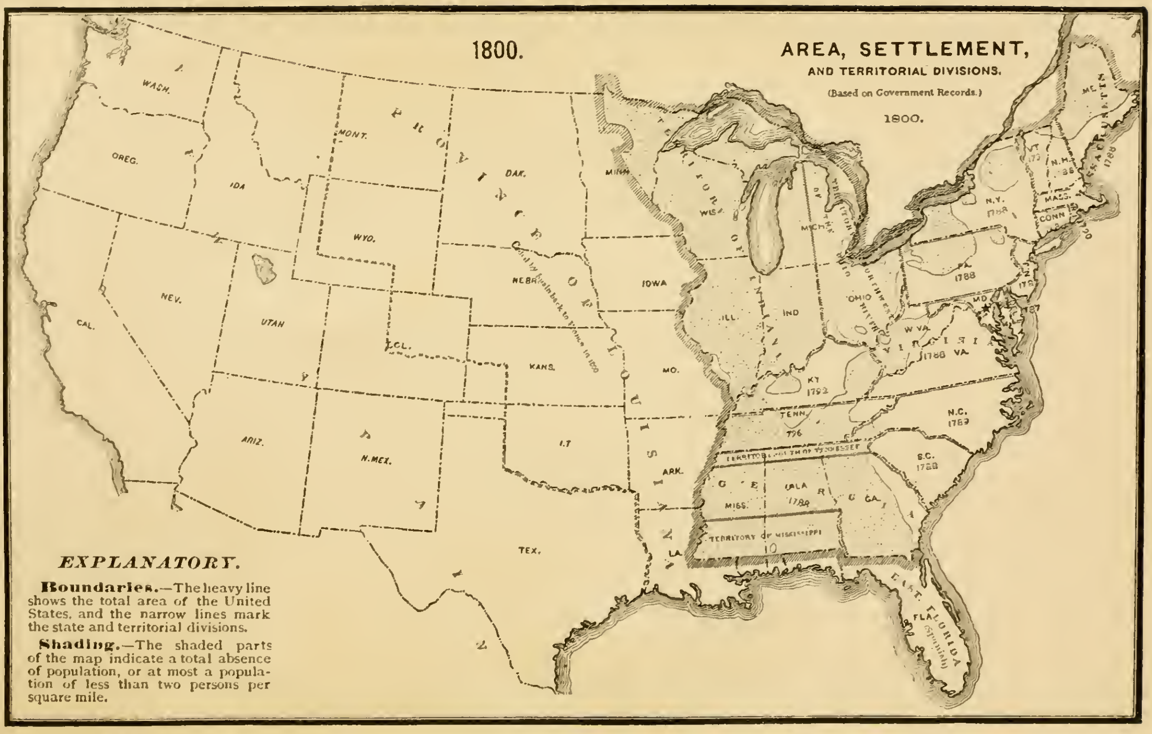
AN EARLY RAILROAD, ... 180

THE TELEGRAPH, ... 210

AT PALO ALTO, ... 248

WASHING FOR GOLD, ... 280

A TRUCE BETWEEN PICKETS, ... 300


1800.
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PROVINCE OF LOUISIANA
Ceded by Spain back to France in 1800
TERRITORY OF WIS.
TERRITORY OF INDIANA
ILL.
IND
MICH.
TERRITORY NORTHWEST OF THE OHIO RIVER
OHIO
KY 1792
TENN. 796
TERRITORY SOUTH OF TENNESSEE
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ALA 1789
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TERRITORY OF MISSISSIPPI
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N.C. 1789
S.C. 1788
PA. 1788
N.Y. 1788
MD.
VT. 1791
N.H. 88
MASS.
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ME.
EAST FLORIDA FLA. (Spanish)

AREA, SETTLEMENT,

AND TERRITORIAL DIVISIONS.

(Based on Government Records.)

1800.

EXPLANATORY.

Boundaries.—The heavy line shows the total area of the United States, and the narrow lines mark the state and territorial divisions.

Shading.—The shaded parts of the map indicate a total absence of population, or at most a population of less than two persons per square mile.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING OF WESTERN SETTLEMENT.

When the United States first became a nation, they included only that portion of the country lying along the Atlantic coast between Maine and Florida, and almost entirely east of the Ohio. These States, called sometimes the "old thirteen," made up the United States of America.

All the great West beyond was quite unknown to most of the people, and the few travellers who had seen its vast prairies and great rivers, and lofty mountain chains, were regarded with almost as much respect and admiration as had been given to the early voyagers across the Atlantic.

For in the early days of the country a journey across the Alleghany Mountains was considered far more perilous than a voyage across the ocean, and the unknown dangers that lay in the vast, unexplored regions beyond, seemed to the traveller much more to be dreaded than the uncertainties of a sea-voyage. But long before the Revolution, the West was visited by hunters and trappers who went in search of game. These bold men living in the western parts of the colonies and trading continually with the Indians, soon became familiar with the idea of a great hunting-ground beyond the mountains where they might find abundance of game, and live the wild and roving lives which their hardy natures delighted in. They listened eagerly to the Indians' stories about this land with its beautiful forests and magnificent rivers, and they were not discouraged by the knowledge that the way to it lay through an unknown wilderness, where they would be in constant peril from savage beasts and treacherous red men. So fearless of danger were they, that they generally went alone on their expeditions, or at most in parties of twos and threes, and carrying with them only their ammunition and a few articles with which they might wish to trade with the Indians, they would start on their journey through the forest, following an Indian trail or a buffalo-path, or sometimes dropping down the Monongahela in a birch-bark canoe to the Ohio, this last way being so long and difficult that it needed, according to the Indians, "two paddles, two warriors, and three moons" to accomplish it.

But to the hunter no danger was too great or way too difficult to keep him from trying to find those famous hunting-grounds, where the deer and other game were so plentiful that the Indians could only signify their numbers by pointing to the stars in the sky or the leaves of the forest.

Sometimes the Indians were friendly to the whites who thus reached their distant homes, and sometimes they were not, but as a general thing the hunter who built his lonely hut far in the depths of the forest or upon the borders of some solitary stream, had to be constantly upon the watch for the red-skinned foe who would come lurking around the little lodge with the hope of pouncing upon the white man unawares and scalping him or taking him prisoner. But these hunters were as wily and watchful as their dark neighbors. Their life upon the frontier had made them as excellent woodsmen as were the Indians themselves; they knew all the craft of the red man, and could follow a trail through the pathless woods, find out the hiding-place of a lurking enemy, track the panther and bear to their secret dens, and aim with a skill so unerring, that the Indian soon learned he was well-matched in his white neighbor, and began to respect him accordingly.

For there is nothing that the Indians admire so much as skill and courage. Many a time the life of a hunter was spared by the admiring red men who would not condemn to death one who was their equal in bravery, and to show no fear of death was a sure way to their favor.

Often, if the prisoner were young or in the prime of life, he would be adopted by the tribe, sometimes being treated with all the respect that they gave to their chiefs.

The ceremony that was performed when a white man was adopted into a tribe was very curious. First, all the hair was pulled out by the roots excepting a small lock called the scalp-lock, which was left growing, so that if the man were taken prisoner he could have his scalp taken off the more easily; this lock was always dressed with feathers and quills in true Indian fashion; then the captive was taken to the river and thoroughly washed and scrubbed so that the white blood might be washed out of him, and finally, his face was painted and he was led to the council-house, where the chief delivered a long speech in which he spoke of the honor he had received by becoming an Indian, and mentioned the duties he would be expected to perform.

The prisoner was then looked upon as a member of the tribe, and treated in every way as if he were an Indian, except that at first he was watched very closely, in order that he might not escape.

Sometimes the adopted captive was quite willing to remain with the tribe and spend the rest of his life with them, but often he would rather go back to his own people, or to his own free life in the woods, and then his whole soul would be set on trying to find means to escape. This was always very difficult, as even if he did succeed in getting away from the Indian village or camp, he would have to spend days and nights in rapid travel, hiding his trail so that it could not be discovered by his followers, and often going for days without food, since the sound of his gun or the smoke from his fire would surely have brought the enemy upon him. And if he were once retaken there was no hope for him. He was only taken back to die under the most horrible tortures; as soon as he was brought again into camp the whole tribe would gather around him, and first fastening him to a stake, would dance and yell in the most hideous manner, striking him with cords and switches until he was quite exhausted, when he would be placed under guard until the next day; then in the morning he was again brought out and placed between two long rows of Indians armed with sticks, rods, whips and knives; this was called running the gauntlet; the prisoner would start from the end of the line and run down between the rows of Indians, who would strike and wound him, trying if possible to kill him as he ran, and even if he got through this trial alive, it was only to suffer the most horrible death that his captors could invent.

All these cruelties made the white men very wary of their dark foes, for they knew that captivity meant, as a general thing, death by torture.

Yet, in spite of all the dangers and hardships, traveller after traveller crossed the mountains, spending months and years in the new country, whose delightful climate, brilliant skies, fertile soil, grand forests and majestic rivers, seemed to well repay them for any risk they ran from hostile Indians. Sometimes a hunter or trader was allowed to build his little home quite near an Indian village and carry on his business undisturbed, for the Indian was always glad to get the articles which his white neighbor offered him in trade.

For a knife, or a string of beads, the trader would receive in return very valuable and costly furs, which would bring large sums in the colonies or England, and by this means the Indians learned the use of hatchets, axes, steel-traps and rifles, and could soon handle them as skilfully as the whites.

Thus it was that the West first became known to the people in the eastern part of the country, and gradually all the paths across the mountains were learned, and the colonists grew familiar with the descriptions of the country beyond, and many of them began to look westward, and wonder how it would seem to live in that new land where homes could be had for the making, and where fish and game were so abundant that no one could ever be in need. For in those days the colonists who lived back from the sea-shore, and away from the cities that were fast growing up, disliked the idea of having neighbors too near them, and many a time an old hunter would leave the place where he had lived many years, and go and seek a new home if he heard that strangers were coming to settle near him.

About the time that the West began to be somewhat known, there was living on the banks of the Yadkin River, in North Carolina, a boy about sixteen years of age, whose name was Daniel Boone. He was a very silent and thoughtful lad, with gentle manners and a brave, kind heart, and although always willing to perform his share of the duties that were so necessary in frontier life, he was never so happy as when alone in the woods, studying the habits of the wild animals that made their homes there, learning their cries, and becoming familiar with their haunts.

From his earliest years he was used to going off on his lonely expeditions, and so brave and cautious was he that he seemed in no more danger than he would have been at home with his friends.

Dressed in a suit of homespun, which had been woven by his mother, he would start on his lonely tramps, sometimes unaccompanied even by a dog, and wander through the forest in new directions, until the whole place around became perfectly familiar to him, and he knew its different features as well as he knew the faces of his friends. And indeed, the vast forest, with its numerous inhabitants, seemed to him as friendly a place as could be found anywhere, and he loved its mighty trees and mossy spaces and shady paths, and the wild, sweet voices of the winds that swept through the tree-tops, and the plaintive songs of the forest-birds that flew through the air around his head or nestled in the sun-flecked branches above.

Very early he learned to imitate the call of the different beasts and birds, thus luring them out of their secret haunts, until they came within range of his unerring gun. He could gobble like a turkey and draw a whole flock of these birds near him; he would bleat like a fawn, until he saw the soft eyes of the anxious doe looking at him through the leaves; he would screech and bring the owls flying around him, and often, far away, the wolves would howl back in answer to his cry. He was also a perfect woodsman, and could follow a trail with the unerring instinct of an Indian; a bent twig, a dent in the moss, the dew brushed from a glossy leaf, being the signs by which he traced the deer, the panther, and the bear, or the more subtle red man.

Besides being so skilful with his rifle, he could throw a tomahawk with the readiness of an Indian, and could run and jump and wrestle as well as the Indian lads whom he sometimes saw at their games.

Life on the frontier was a very active and exciting thing, and a boy had need of a trained eye, a strong arm and a fleet foot, as well as a brave heart, if he was not to be left behind his companions in their daily pursuits. And then the happiness and comfort of the family depended upon the ability of the fathers and brothers to supply food and clothing, for in those little homes, so far away from cities and towns, everything that was necessary had to be provided by the people themselves.

Their houses were made of rough logs, the corn was ground between two stones, the fish were caught in the stream that ran by the door, and the meat was procured in the forest; the women spun cloth out of flax and wool, and the men tanned deer and other skins and made of them leather hunting-shirts, and shoes for the children. Perhaps there would be a little log-hut built for a school-house, and here the boys and girls would be taught for a few weeks in the year by some adventurous traveller who had left the coast for awhile to study the life of the frontiersmen.

In such a school-house as this Daniel Boone learned all that he knew of books. But his life in the woods had taught him courage, perseverance, keen habits of observation, and calmness in the midst of danger, and so he really grew to manhood with a better education than many boys have who spend years and years at school.

There, in his quiet home in North Carolina, where few sounds from the outside world crept in, it was natural that the affairs of men should seem less interesting to him than the keen pleasures of a life spent in the woods, and the news from the east which came to him from time to time, of the growth of the cities, and the building of ships, and the increase of trade, seemed hardly worth listening to compared with the news from the West, that lay beyond the great mountains toward which his eyes continually turned.

And as story after story was brought by hunters and traders and friendly Indians, Boone resolved that he too would make a journey into the West, and see what good fortune was waiting there for him.

But still the years passed away, and he remained in his pleasant home on the banks of the Yadkin, and he had married and had a home and children of his own before the time really came for him to undertake his trip across the mountains, and even then it might have been put off for some time longer, had not new settlers begun to come into North Carolina and build their log-houses near the streams and forests, that he had for so many years looked upon as belonging almost entirely to himself.

The presence of these strangers made him dissatisfied and unhappy, for although he was of a kind and affectionate disposition, he was very fond of solitude, and preferred living quite away from any neighbors; for to him the forest, with its many sights and sounds, never seemed lonely, and the clear streams by which he wandered and the lovely wild flowers that grew on their borders, and the lofty mountains in the distance, all seemed like the faces of dear friends whom he had known all his life. So he was not sorry when a chance came for him to leave the little home where he had spent so many happy years, but which now seemed spoiled by the arrival of these unwelcome new-comers.

The country beyond the Alleghanies had grown so familiar to him from the many stories he had heard of it, that the thought of going there was almost like going amongst friends, and he had no doubt that he should be perfectly happy and content there.

So it was decided that he and six other men should leave North Carolina, and cross the mountains, and enter the region that is now known as Kentucky, in search of new homes. One of the party, John Finley, had already visited the country, and had spent hour after hour in telling Boone and his companions of its beauty and fertility, to say nothing of the game, which was so abundant that the Indians from the north and the south were continually roaming through its forests, looking upon them as a common hunting-ground; for this region did not seem to be inhabited by any special tribe, but was rather a meeting-place for friend and foe alike.

So all things were made ready, strong clothing supplied, and powder and bullets provided, and, one beautiful morning in May the little party left their homes, taking with them as their last remembrance, the pretty picture of the sunlit river-banks, and the forest fresh in its glory of new leaves. They were a month crossing the mountains, stopping now and then for a day or two in some lonely river-valley, where the herds of buffalo, feeding in the cane-brake or browsing in the meadows, looked at them wonderingly, for their route was one quite unknown to Indians or white men, and these animals had probably never seen a human being before or heard the sound of a gun, for they were very tame and showed no signs of fear when the travellers came near them.

They crossed the chain now known as the Cumberland Mountains, and early in June came in sight of Kentucky, a Shawanese word signifying " at the head of the river."

Their first view of the country well repaid them for all their trouble, for, as they looked from the mountain height over the wide region spread out before them, they felt that it was far more beautiful than they had ever imagined, and did not doubt that here they would be able to make comfortable homes for their families, and live useful and happy lives.

They built a little hut on the banks of a small stream, and here they lived seven months, passing the summer and autumn months in fishing, hunting, and roving through the forest.

A beautiful meadow spread out on all sides around their cabin, and during the warm months it bloomed continually with wild flowers, while the forest beyond also was rich with blossoms and fruits. All around were salt-springs, to which the animals came to obtain the salt, and while Boone and his companions were safe in their hut, before which a blazing camp-fire was always burning, they knew that from the forest near, the bears and panthers and deer were prowling around in the darkness, their cries sometimes joined by the wolves farther away, and the screech-owls up in the shadows of the trees.

It was a life full of danger, but they loved it, and had no thought of fear. With comfortable clothing, abundant food, and plenty of ammunition, they lived there happily enough, gaining in their tramps much valuable information about the country and deciding upon the best places for settlement.

All the summer and autumn passed without their seeing a sign of an Indian. But one morning in December, while Boone and one of his friends were following a buffalo-path through a cane-brake, they were suddenly surprised and captured by a large body of Indians. They were many miles from their little camp, and escape was impossible, and so for seven days they had to follow their captors in their journey toward the west.

During this time Boone attracted a great deal of admiration from the Indians, because of his strong handsome figure, and the skill with which he aimed at the buffalo and deer, for they knew nothing of the use of the rifle, depending entirely upon their arrows for the supply of food.

Boone allowed them to think that he felt very friendly toward them, let them examine his picturesque dress, which was made of beautifully dressed deer-skin, very fine and soft, with the seams ornamented with fringes, and handle his hunting-knife, powder-horn, bullet-pouch and rifle, knowing well the Indians' fondness for the curious, and their awe of anything they could not understand.

But he and his companions well knew that, friendly as the Indians appeared, they were only leading them to captivity or death, and they determined to seize the first chance for escape. But it was not until the seventh night after their capture that the longed-for opportunity came. The Indians had had a great feast, and were all sleeping soundly, when at midnight the two white men crept silently from the camp, their moccasined feet not even breaking a twig or rustling a leaf, and disappearing quickly in the forest, started back for their little home in the meadows.

They reached it after a long and wearisome tramp, but found it quite deserted; for in their absence their companions had either been killed or captured by the Indians, or perished in the wilderness. Boone and his companion searched everywhere for a trace of them, but no clew was ever found, and to this day their fate is a mystery.

But the two who were left were not discouraged; they found another place still more hidden and secure, and stayed there contentedly for some weeks, until they were surprised one day by the visit of two friends from Carolina, one of them a brother of Boone, who had set out in search of their distant friends; they brought with them powder and shot, thus making it possible for the adventurers to remain in the wilderness some time longer.

At that time the trouble with the Indians was so great that the people in the east began to think of sending soldiers to the west, and driving the Indians quite away from their lands.

All along the frontier of Virginia the Indians, under the great chief, Logan, whose family had been cruelly killed by the whites, rose in a body and began to resist the approach of white settlers.

Logan was one of the most celebrated of

the Indian chiefs, and he had always been on such good terms with the settlers that he was spoken of by the tribe as " Logan, the friend of the white men."

His home was near what is now known as the city of Wheeling, and living so close to the frontier had given him a chance to study his white neighbors, and to learn that, like his own people, there were bad as well as good among them. Logan's influence was very powerful with the other tribes, and the settlers were very glad to think that in any trouble that might arise they could count this great chief as their friend. But one day, when he was absent from his home, some treacherous whites came lurking around and seizing the opportunity, murdered his entire family, and when Logan returned, in place of the happy home he had left, he found only a desolate house and the dead bodies of his children. At this cruel wrong all his friendship for the settlers turned to deadly hatred, and seizing his tomahawk, he vowed never to rest until he had avenged his murdered children.

All along the frontier the Indians prepared for war; the tomahawk was sent from tribe to tribe, and the Shawanese, Delawares, Mingos and Wyandots, joined together in their determination to punish the whites for their cruelty and bad faith.

And then began the most terrible time that the settlers had ever known. Settlement after settlement was attacked, house after house burned, and family after family utterly destroyed. In places where several families were living near together, there was some chance of escape, but in those little homes, built far away in the edges of a deep forest, or by the side of some quiet stream, there was no hope. Band after band of painted Indians would come around, shrieking out their terrible war-cries and brandishing their tomahawks, and the place was never left until the little cabin was burned to the ground, the family tomahawked, the harvest trampled down, and the cattle driven off to provide food for the savage enemy.

Sometimes the white children, if healthy and strong, were carried off and adopted by the tribes, and if this happened, the chances were that the little captives would never look again upon the friendly face of a white man, for they were often carried to the far west and made to grow up as Indians, the girls marrying some Indian chief, and the boys learning those cruel and savage practices that the red man delights in.

The news of these Indian outrages soon reached the eastern parts of Virginia, and it was felt that something must be done at once for the relief of the settlers. Soldiers were sent out, and the whites tried to persuade Logan to leave the Indian conspiracy and give up his plan of vengeance. To this proposal the great chief replied in a speech that touchingly reminded the settlers of his former fidelity and trust. He stood up in the council-meeting, surrounded by his braves and the white men who had been sent to make peace, and answered them thus: "I ask any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and I gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked and I gave him not clothing; during the last Indian war Logan remained in his camp and tried to make peace.

I had even thought to live with you, but a white man last spring, in cool blood, cut off all the relatives of Logan, sparing not even the women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called for revenge. I have killed many: I have glutted my vengeance. For the sake of my country I rejoice at the thought of peace. Yet do not think I fear; Logan never felt fear. He would not turn his head to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?" The whites felt humbled and ashamed as they listened to this noble reply, and it was greatly owing to the nobility of this chief, who had been so cruelly wronged, that the war was made less terrible than it might have been otherwise.

But before it was over with, there were cruelties practised by the white soldiers that were as brutal as any ever committed by savage Indians.

Hundreds of soldiers marched up and down through the fertile valleys where the Indians had made their homes, ravaging the country as if they had been wild beasts instead of men; the villages were left in ashes; the little clusters of wigwams on the banks of the Scioto only served as beacon-lights to warn the unhappy natives that the white men were on their trail; the fields of corn, with their bright leaves and glossy tassels glistening in the sunshine, and with their soil thick with the footprints of the children who had played there, were all cut down by the swords of the men who thought only of driving the Indians away from their lands, and leaving their homes desolate.

And when the soldier had finished his work, there remained only miles of smoking heaps of charred wood, acres and acres of ruined crops, blackened trunks and scorched leaves of once beautiful forest-oaks, and scattered withered, wild flowers, stained with the blood of the children who had loved to gather them.

Daniel Boone had been chosen by the Governor of Virginia, as a man familiar with Indian warfare, to protect the frontiers, and as it was his custom at all times to treat the Indians as if they were human beings, and as he already had their confidence and respect, and was, besides, well skilled in all their practices, his mission was an easy one compared with what it would have been had he been a different man. But when the Indians found that the whites meant to carry the war into their own country, and that they could be just as savage and cruel as they themselves, they began to be disheartened, and offered to make peace.

The great Chief Comstock arranged for a council to be held, and in a speech of great power pictured the former happy life of the Indian before the white man had come to drive him from his lands, and said that they had been driven to the war by the unjust and merciless conduct of the settlers. The governor said he would consent to peace if the Indians would give up all the lands south of the Ohio, and to this Comstock and the other chiefs agreed, and thus Kentucky came to be considered a part of Virginia.

After the war was over Daniel Boone returned home, still cherishing the idea of moving his family to the beautiful region of Kentucky. But he remained only a short time, soon going back to the new country and beginning a fort on the

Kentucky River which he intended to make a permanent place of settlement. The place was called Boonesborough and here, after a while, came the family of Daniel Boone, and several other families that had decided to try their fortunes in the new country.

At first there was little trouble with the Indians, but as just at this time the Revolution broke out, the English officers in the valley of the Ohio furnished the Indians with arms and ammunition, and encouraged them in every way to annoy the Kentucky settlers, who of course sympathized with the colonists. And so it happened that the people at Boonesborough were never free from the fear that at any time they might be attacked by murderous red men who were only too glad to give the aid which Great Britain asked of them in her struggle with the colonies.

But the fort was strong and well defended, and Boone was a brave and watchful commander, as the Indians well knew, and come as silently as they might through the forest, it was impossible to surprise the fort, for the keen eyes of Boone knew every Indian sign, as well as the paths through the wilderness, and the brave pioneer could not be taken off his guard. But while Boone and thirty of the other men were away from the fort for a few weeks, obtaining salt from the springs that lay nearly a hundred miles north of Boonesborough, the Indians started for the little settlement, thinking it would be a good chance to surprise and capture it.

Boone and his companions were in high spirits, and had sent three men back to the fort to carry the good tidings that they were all well and very successful in obtaining the salt they had so much needed.

The Indians had been unusually quiet, and during the whole time they had been there they had not seen a sign of their enemy. But Boone well knew that this might only mean that they were getting ready for a more desperate attack than usual, and consequently he was more than ever on his guard, and determined to get back to Boonesborough as soon as possible, for although he had seen no signs of Indians at the springs, he did not doubt that they were well aware of his presence there.

One morning, when he was out very early in search of game for the little camp, he wandered farther away than usual, and just as he was thinking of turning back, his quick ears caught the sound of footsteps, and looking ahead he saw a large band of Indians directly in front of him; he tried to escape, but although he was as fleet as a deer he found it impossible, and was captured by the swift Indian runners who started in pursuit of him.

He was then told that if he would surrender his little party to the warriors, their lives would be spared, and although it grieved him to do this, he could think of nothing better, as he knew if he refused they would be all put to death by horrible torture, whereas if he consented, the Indians would keep their promise and spare their lives, and then there might come a chance of escape.

The Indians would not have given this promise to any white man but Boone, but they had always found him brave and honorable, and knew that many times he had been their friend, and had always tried to prevent the whites from taking away their lands unjustly.

The men who were waiting Boone's return at the springs were surprised to see him come accompanied by this band of warriors, and would have rushed to his rescue had he not at some distance away made signs to them not to attempt battle. When he told them he had surrendered to the Indians, they agreed that it was the wisest thing he could do, and so allowed themselves to be taken captive.

It turned out that this was the very best thing that could have happened for the people at Boonesborough, for the Indians were so delighted with their capture of Boone and his companions that they gave up the idea of going on to the fort, and turned back to their own camp on the Indian River, and so Boonesborough was saved for the present.

From the Indians' camp the captives were taken to the British commander at Detroit, who received all of them as prisoners, excepting Boone, whom the Indians would not part with. He was taken back to the camp at Chillicothe, and adopted into the family of Blackfish, one of the greatest of the Shawanese chiefs. The warriors were delighted to receive into the tribe a man so celebrated as Boone, for he was known everywhere west of the Alleghanies as a man honorable in purpose, fearless in danger, and, above all, as skilful in hunting as any warrior in the land.

Blackfish treated his adopted son very kindly, and after Boone had gone through the usual ceremony of having his hair pulled out, and his face painted, he was allowed to do pretty much as he pleased, except that when he started out on a hunting expedition, he was only given so many balls for his rifle as would enable him to bring home the necessary supply of game, as the Indians feared if he were well supplied with ammunition he would try to escape.

Boone might have been very happy here if he had had no troublesome thoughts to annoy him, for Chillicothe was beautifully situated on the banks of a lovely stream, whose clear waters were filled with rainbow-tinted trout, while all around stretched a magnificent forest, abounding in choicest game. He easily gained the good will of the Indians by taking part in all their sports and games of skill, always taking care to let them surpass him, and thus avoid their jealousy, and as he pretended he was very contented and happy, they soon ceased to watch him so closely, and gave him much more liberty. He had made them believe that he could not understand the Shawanese speech, and was thus able to listen to all their plans of war, and soon found out that they were as much determined as ever on an attack upon Boonesborough.

This made him decide to take the first chance of escape, and at the risk of his own life, try and warn the settlers of their danger. And so one morning, when he went out very early to take his usual hunt, he started at once for the fort, over a hundred and fifty miles away, provided only with a few pieces of dried meat and a little ammunition, which he had saved up by cutting his rifle-balls in two. He knew that the Indians would be after him in a short time, and looked back anxiously as the rising sun shone through the tree-tops, and the loud notes of the forest-birds proclaimed the full day; but his stout heart did not fail, and knowing as much of woodcraft as his pursuers and being as wily and watchful as they, he pressed on day after day through underbrush and swamps, and over swollen streams, until he came to the Ohio, which he crossed in an old canoe he found drifting among the bushes, and so reached the Kentucky shore, when, for the first time during his journey, he built a fire and shot some birds for food. And so he reached Boonesborough in safety, though the keenest and swiftest Indian runners were upon his trail, and warned the fort of its danger. He found that his wife and children had gone back to North Carolina, thinking that he had been killed by the Indians, but he had no time to grieve over this, as the fort needed instant defense. After his preparations were ready, he selected a band of the bravest men and started out to meet the savages, who, he supposed, were on their way to the settlement.

He succeeded in driving one war-party back in a panic, and then returned to the fort, having learned that a large party of Indians was on its way to Boonesborough, commanded by a French officer.

The fort was threatened by an army of ten to one, but Boone resolved not to surrender, but fight it out, knowing well that if they were captured, the general, who was acting for the British commander at Detroit, could not hinder the Indians from subjecting them to the most horrible tortures.

But the general offered to make terms and go away in peace, if the settlers would send a party outside the fort to meet him and some of the chiefs, and to this Boone consented, taking care, however, to select the strongest and bravest of his men, and cautioning them to keep a strict watch for the red-skins.

Peace was offered on condition that the settlers would acknowledge that the King of England was the lawful sovereign of all the American colonies, and that they would not take up arms against him, and furthermore, that they would immediately leave Kentucky and go back again to the east.

Boone had so few men in the garrison that he was obliged to accept these terms, knowing that if he refused, the British would send army after army from Detroit to join with the Indians against the little band; and so the conference came to an end.

But Blackfish had no mind to let his enemies off so easily, and resolved to get them into his power if possible. Accordingly he made a very powerful speech, declaring how glad he was that the affair had ended so peaceably, and expressing his admiration for Boone and his party, and then said that it was the custom at such times for the two armies to shake hands in token of friendship, and proposed that two Indians should shake hands with one white man at the same time.

Boone immediately saw through the trick, and when the savages came up and clasped the hands of the whites, they found them ready for them. Boone and his companions were so strong, and the men inside the fort sent their balls with such unerring aim, that the plan of Blackfish to capture the whites came to nothing, and they all succeeded in getting back into the fort.

And then began one of the fiercest battles that ever waged in Kentucky. For nine days the fort was attacked by the army outside, and the Indians, led by the superior wisdom of a white officer, felt sure of success; but the garrison held out bravely, killing and wounding so many of the enemy that finally they were glad to retreat.

This was one of the most important events in the early history of Kentucky, for, after this, the Indians never again attacked Boonesborough, believing it was impossible for them to take it; whereas, if they had taken it, it would have caused such alarm and dismay among the other settlers, that it is probable the settlement of Kentucky would have been delayed many years.

As it was, one band of pioneers after another crossed the mountains and found homes among its fertile meadows and beautiful valleys, though the Indians still kept the war-path and the English did all they could to harass and distress them. But the Kentuckians remained true to the colonies, and when the Revolution left America free, and independent of England, the Indians were very glad to make peace, knowing well that although England was very willing to give them guns and ammunition to carry on war against the colonies, she would leave them to take care of themselves when once her power was broken.

So the principal tribes made treaties of peace with the whites, who dreaded the Indians far less when their English allies no longer supplied them with ammunition and rifles.

Immediately after the Revolution, settlers began to enter Kentucky by hundreds, and thriving towns and villages grew up all over. There was still some trouble with the Indians, who would come in parties of two and three and surprise unprotected and remote little settlements, and sometimes roving bands, who still looked upon Kentucky as their rightful hunting-grounds, would make wild raids through the country, stealing horses and massacring the whites.

But in many cases these outrages were the result of the treatment which they themselves had received from the settlers, for some of the whites were as savage and revengeful as ever the red men could be.

But as the years passed, times grew better, and peace settled down upon the land that had known so many fierce and bloody battles. The Indians slowly retreated farther west, and the settlers had time to cultivate the fertile valleys and draw wealth from the rivers and forests, and after a time Kentucky grew to be such an important colony that it was decided it would be best to separate it from Virginia, and make it a State by itself, for the capital of Virginia was too far away for the Kentuckians to travel thither without great loss of time.

So they asked to be made a separate State with the privilege of making their own laws; this was granted by Virginia, and in 1792 Kentucky was admitted into the Union, being the fifteenth State of the Union, Vermont having been admitted the year before.

Daniel Boone did not remain in the new

State very long. Some trouble arose about his claims to the land he occupied, and he moved farther away to the north; but not being satisfied here, he started on a longer journey still, and crossed the Mississippi into what is now known as the State of Missouri, hoping to find in this remote region a home as beautiful as the one he had lost.

Here he lived until his death, passing his time in hunting and trapping, respected and loved by white man and Indian alike, and ever ready to lend his aid to the new settlers who came gradually into the country, attracted by the report of its beauty and richness.

He died at the age of eighty-six, having lived a pure and noble life, and one rich in good deeds to his fellow-men.

Twenty-five years afterward, the State of Kentucky removed his remains to Frankfort, where they were interred with great honors, in memory of his love and devotion to the beautiful State which, largely through his help, rose to be one of the most important parts of the Union.

During the settlement of Kentucky, other parts of the country west of the Alleghanies also became slowly inhabited with pioneers from the east.

Their story during the first years of western life was very much like that of the early history of Kentucky. There were fierce struggles with the Indians for the possession of the land, and many troubles with the British during the Revolution, but finally war and bloodshed almost entirely ceased, and the beautiful river-valleys once more knew peace and happiness as in the old days before the white man had ever come to bring trouble and dissatisfaction.

Tennessee came into the Union in 1796, and Ohio in 1802, so that, with the opening of a new century, the United States consisted of seventeen States, all rapidly increasing in wealth and prosperity, and the country beyond the mountains, that had once been regarded as only a wild hunting-ground for the Indians, had come to be looked upon as a land of promise where the discouraged settler from the east might take heart, and amid the pleasant valleys of the Kentucky and Ohio, begin life anew, sure that their fair meadows and wide forests would yield him rich rewards for all his labor, and feeling that, through the gate of the mountains he had passed into a region of peace and comfort, where the future looked only bright and full of hope.

CHAPTER II.

THE BARBARY PIRATES.

In the northern part of Africa, lying along the Mediterranean coast, are the Barbary States, which, in the early part of this century, were feared by all the nations of the world on account of their bold pirates who roved around the seas capturing foreign vessels and making slaves of their crews.

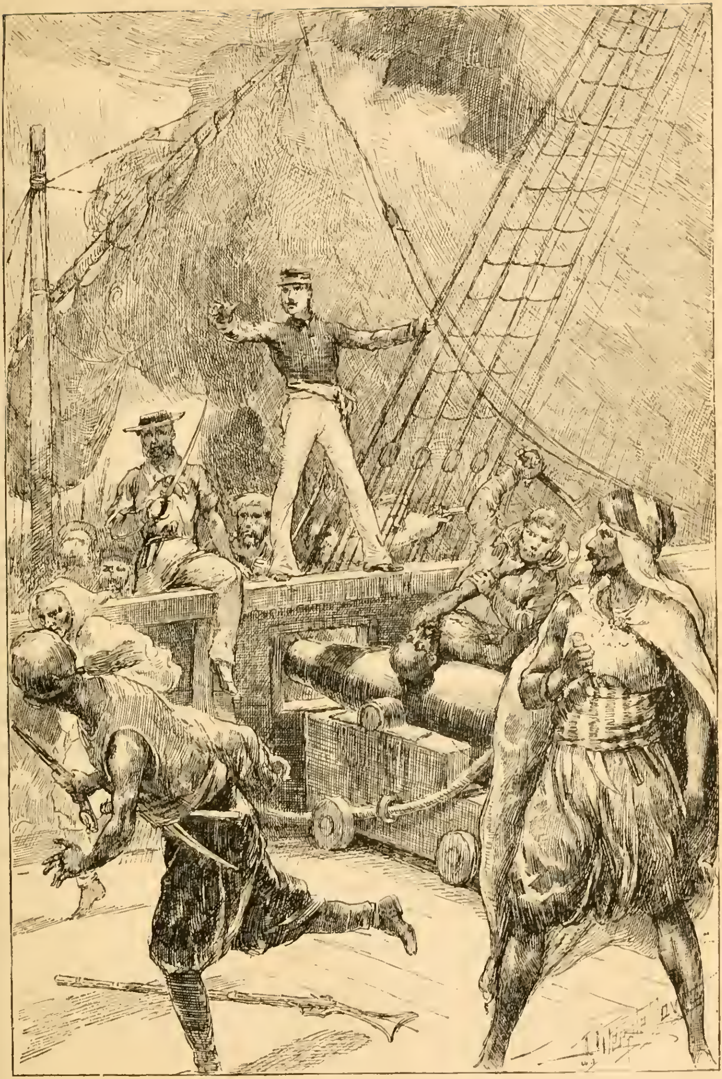
These States were inhabited by Berbers, Moors, Arabs and Turks, all of them good Mohammedans, and all deeming it only right that they should rob and persecute any Christians who might fall into their hands; and for this many opportunities offered, for then, as now, the Mediterranean was the great water-way along which passed very nearly all the vessels trading between Europe and the East.

Morocco, Algiers, and Tripoli were the principal States, and not only did they allow this piracy, but they also demanded tribute, and every year the different nations sent certain sums to the governors of these countries to buy their promise not to interfere with their trade.

But after the tribute had been paid, little heed was given to the promise, for the pirates always kept the seas as usual, and year after year Neapolitan, Venetian, French and English seamen were captured by these lawless robbers, and either confined in dismal dungeons, or made to serve as slaves with other unfortunate captives.

It very rarely happened that any prisoner escaped, for all the harbors were closely guarded, and constantly filled with Algerine and Tripolitan vessels on the alert for runaway slaves, and if the poor captive thought to cross the mountains and escape by land, he well knew that he would have to traverse miles and miles of unknown country, and perhaps at last fall a prey to wandering Arabs or the ferocious beasts of the desert.

And so the only thing to do was to wait patiently until the news of his capture reached



DECATUR AND THE BARBARY PIRATES.

his far-away friends, and they sent money to buy his release.

If they were very poor and could not do this, his chances of freedom were very small, and it was quite likely he would spend the rest of his life as a slave.

The more powerful governments generally tried to redeem their own citizens, but even this was sometimes impossible without sending men-of-war, and demanding them at the cannon's mouth.

The Barbary States possess a delightful climate and fertile soil, and their rich valleys produced all the tropical fruits in abundance.

A little way back from the cities of the coast were the country-seats of the wealthy class, situated in view of the mountains, and surrounded by beautiful groves and tasteful gardens.

Here, amid fields of wheat and barley, and groves of date, olive, fig, lemon and other trees, could be seen the patient figure of the slave, working early and late in all times and seasons, and looking seaward with sad eyes, while he thought of his own home among the Italian orange-groves, or, if he were from the north, reminded by the crimson petals of the peach and the white bloom of the cherry-trees how the spring looked among his native hills that he might never see again.

For the Tripolitans and Algerines treated the slaves so cruelly, feeding them so poorly and punishing them so severely for any offence, that unless a man had a very strong constitution he could not long endure such hardships.

One of their modes of punishment was the bastinado, which consisted in having the soles of the bare feet struck by a strong paddle, which was wielded with all the force that the slave-driver could command. Sometimes it happened that the slave-driver was himself a slave, and then he was generally kind to the poor fellows who had to endure this punishment, and would let them cover their feet with mats of straw, only taking care to make a great deal of noise while pounding the mats, and advising the culprit to cry loudly, so that the chief slave-driver would think he was being severely punished. But at other times this treatment was so severe that the blood was forced through the upper part of the feet, and it often happened that a man would be lamed for life after it.

Occasionally, if a prisoner were a man of any importance, he would be treated with some respect, confined in a comfortable room and not made to work, and once or twice, perhaps, invited to the house of some person in authority and treated as an honored guest.

Such invitations were generally given at the times of the great yearly feasts, when the whole city was given up to pleasure, and the Mohammedan was obliged by his creed to show hospitality and charity to his enemies.

At the great festival of Bairam which lasted from three to six days, it was the custom to invite such guests, who always realized their own good fortune all the more when they saw themselves attended by their more unfortunate fellow-prisoners who had been reduced to the condition of slaves.

The festival of Bairam, which was always preceded by a fast of thirty days, was one of great magnificence.

The houses were always beautifully decorated, the entire population of natives wore their richest and costliest robes, and the nobles vied with one another in the sumptuousness of their feasts. The palace was thrown open to visitors whom the Bashaw received in the magnificent audience-chamber, which was hung with rich tapestries, and furnished with divans and ottomans covered with beautifully embroidered scarlet cloth, and ornamented with fringes and tassels of gold and silver.

Costly rugs were strewn over the marble floor, and placed under the throne, where the Bashaw sat surrounded by his family and his chief officers, all wearing their richest apparel, which was, in many cases, ornamented with gold and silver embroideries, and sparkling with jewels of immense value.

The visitors were ushered into the audience-room by the officers of the court, who passed them on to the officers of the divan, who in turn presented them to the Bashaw.

They were then seated to the right of the throne, and served with coffee and wine, which were brought to them by Neapolitan slaves who knelt before the guests and offered the refreshments upon salvers of gold and silver.

Before leave was taken, the visitors were sprinkled with attar of roses, and they said farewell amid the clouds of incense which arose from the censers swung by the attending slaves.

Then one house after another was visited, each host offering wines, coffee, tea and choice fruits and confectionery, and treating his guests in every way as if they were on the friendliest terms.

It was very hard after such treatment to return to the cheerless prison-chambers, where they knew many dreary hours must yet be passed, and the Mohammedan feast-days were always welcomed with joy by the poor captives whom the hard fortunes of war had doomed to such a weary life.

The United States, like other Christian nations, suffered in many ways from the pirates of the Barbary States.

Their seamen were made slaves, their officers were imprisoned, and their trade was almost ruined by these robbers, who had no regard for the life or property of *infidels*, as they called all Christians.

In vain tribute was paid and threats made, and promises demanded; still the stars and stripes floating from the mast of a ship only meant to the lawless pirates a chance of gaining money and slaves. The harbors of Algiers and Tripoli were alive with vessels whose only business was piracy, and it was a very common thing for the congregation in an American church to hear the minister read aloud from the pulpit the names of their friends who had been captured by the pirates, and the prices necessary for their ransom.

And as things grew worse and worse, the United States felt that it would be a disgrace to let them continue so any longer, and it was resolved to make a bold stroke and put an end to the insults that were continually being offered to the American flag.

The navy of the United States was at that time very small, consisting only of six vessels;

but four of these were sent to the Mediterranean to suppress the Barbary pirates.

This was in the year 1801; the United States were still a young nation and their flag was almost unknown in foreign seas. But that did not frighten the brave heart of the commander of the little fleet, who resolved to make the haughty Algerines and Tripolitans feel the weight of his country's displeasure.

The fleet reached the Mediterranean safely and spent some months in cruising up and down, capturing some Tripolitan corsairs, and giving a safe passage through the Straits of Gibraltar to trading vessels.

As the Bashaw of Tripoli had declared war against the United States, the Americans were ordered to seize as prizes all vessels and goods belonging to him and his subjects, and as this order was carried into effect whenever possible, the haughty Tripolitans learned what it was to be captured on the sea and deprived of their liberty. They were not, however, destined to receive the cruel treatment they had given, for in every case the Americans treated their prisoners with kindness, thus showing that while a nation might be brave and strong in the defence of its rights, it could still be merciful and generous to its enemies.

But this example had very little effect upon the pirates, who still continued their inhuman treatment of all Christians that fell into their power, thinking that as long as they said their prayers several times a day, and performed the other duties of a good Mohammedan, they had a perfect right to treat their prisoners as they pleased.

It is true that the captives would sometimes anger the pirates by making fun of their religion. The Mohammedan is commanded to pray five times a day with his face toward Mecca, and as no duties were ever allowed to interfere with these devotions, and as the ship frequently changed its course, they were sometimes obliged to take several new positions while making one prayer, being so particular about facing in the right direction that one pirate was generally appointed to consult the compass, in order to be perfectly sure that they were looking toward Mecca.

These things always seemed very funny to the Christian sailors, and they did not hesitate to show their contempt for such a religion, and as the Mohammedan holds his belief most sacred, the Tripolitans never omitted a chance to show the unfortunate captives that their insults had been duly noticed.

The American fleet met with one very discouraging accident while cruising in the Mediterranean. The frigate Philadelphia, commanded by Captain Bainbridge, while chasing a Tripolitan corsair, struck on a ledge of rocks; every effort was made to get her off, but all was in vain, and the Tripolitans in the harbor, seeing her condition, began firing upon her.

Captain Bainbridge soon saw that it would be useless to return the fire, and therefore ordered the flag hauled down as a sign of surrender.

The Tripolitans came swarming around, and, taking possession of the frigate, began plundering the sailors of everything they possessed. Swords, epaulets, watches, trinkets, money and clothing were all taken from them; they were then taken ashore and imprisoned, the officers being treated somewhat kindly, but the common seamen subjected to the poorest food and hardest labor. They spent many months in this wearisome captivity, but at last better days dawned.

It was a great mortification to the other officers of the fleet to see the Philadelphia lying on the rocks, a Tripolitan prize, and after a while a bold plan was made for her destruction.

Lieutenant Decatur, commanding the Intrepid, a little Tripolitan vessel that he had captured a short time before, entered the harbor of Tripoli at night, and sailed close to the Philadelphia before the Tripolitans discovered that their visitors were Americans.

Decatur and his officers sprang on deck of the frigate, and the Mohammedans were so overcome by surprise and fear that they did not attempt to hinder the seamen from following the bold leaders.

In ten minutes the Philadelphia was in the hands of the Americans, and Decatur, knowing that it would be impossible to move her, ordered her fired in a number of places at the same time.

The flames rose high in the air, telling the story of the recapture to Captain Bainbridge and his officers, and filling the Bashaw with wrath and dismay.

Decatur and his men got quickly away without having lost a single man. After this the harbor was regularly bombarded by the American commander, and after some delay the Bashaw came to terms. It was agreed that there should be an exchange of prisoners, man for man, as far as they would go, and that a treaty of peace should be made which should be honorable to the United States, and protect their shipping in the Mediterranean.

Thus the Barbary States received a check which kept their pirates in wholesome dread of the vengeance that might follow them if they kept up their dishonorable practices, and during the years that followed, they were gradually made to understand that the flags of other nations must be respected, and that the Mediterranean was as much a highway for the vessels of other countries as for their own.

The action of the United States against the

Barbary pirates showed the world that the new Republic meant that her flag should be respected and that she would defend it at all cost.

It was the first time that the stars and stripes had carried war into foreign waters, and the success of the brave little fleet that entered so fearlessly into the combat, gained the admiration of the world, and struck a death-blow to the bold sea-robbers who had so long held sway over the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

CHAPTER III.

THE PURCHASE OF LOUISIANA.

When La Salle set up the lilies of France at the mouth of the Mississippi River, and took possession of the whole country through which the great river flowed, in the name of Louis XIV., he knew better than anyone else the magnificence of his gift, and in his dreams of the future, saw Louisiana a rich and powerful country adding wealth and glory to the French crown.

His plan for connecting the St. Lawrence, by a great chain of forts to the Mississippi, which he thought rose somewhere near China, and thus commanding the trade of the East, shows that he well appreciated the value of that vast region which, in less than a hundred years, was to take such an important place in the history of America.

But after the death of La Salle his great plans were for the most part given up, and it was over ten years before France again sent out an expedition to explore her new possessions.

In the meantime, however, many Canadian hunters, and several priests, had journeyed down from Canada in their birch-bark canoes, and had settled among the tribes who lived on the borders of the river, and in this way the Indians of the Mississippi Valley grew familiar with the French language and religion, and in many cases formed strong and lasting friendships with the whites, and allowed them to travel up and down the river unmolested. And so all through the valley, from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico, could be found white men speaking the language of France, and priests ministering in little chapels built in the great forests, and graced with the wild flowers that the natives loved to bring as their peace-offerings.

Sometimes a little pulpit was made and hung to the trunk of a great oak, and there the priest would stand, while the Indians crouched by hundreds in the grass at his feet, and listened to the stories he told of a God so different from their own, and of a Heaven so unlike their happy hunting-grounds.

And the children lying at their mothers' feet would look from the calm face of the good priest, to the scowling countenances of the Indian prophets and jugglers, who did not want their people to learn this new wisdom, and wonder which was better, to grow up and be strong and savage warriors like their fathers and brothers, or to become kind and gentle like the pale-faced priest, whose eyes were as soft as a fawn's, and whose low voice told them of a beautiful land where the summer stayed always, and the birds never ceased from singing.

The priests gained great influence over the Indians by their pure and simple lives, and by their readiness and ability to help them in sickness, and even after the death of a priest the mothers would often bring their babies to the little altar in the woods where they had been baptized, and, with many wild ceremonies, half-Christian and half-heathen, call down blessings from Heaven upon themselves and their families.

And in this way it happened, that when,

ten years after the death of La Salle, the French flag again appeared at the mouth of the Mississippi, and French priests stepped on the shores, they seemed to the natives like old friends, for the visits of La Salle and Marquette had not been forgotten, and the men of the tribes had been almost as familiar, when children, with the voices of the good priests, as with the roar of the great river rushing through the forests.

But to the French visitors who slowly approached the mouth of the great river, everything was new and strange.

As they leaned over the ship's sides and looked landward, they saw only acres and acres of tall reeds, rising five or six feet above the waters, and waving mournfully to and fro in the wind, while above them multitudes of strange birds flapped their wings and screamed out harsh, jarring notes. Below, the waters were thick with alligators, and far away was heard the deep roar of the river as it tossed to and fro the great logs and rafts that were drifting down to the sea from the forests farther up.

It was all very wild and gloomy, and as the night came down and the vessel pushed its way through the reeds and logs, and the sailors heard the hideous and unnatural cries that swept around the shore, they quite forgot the pleasant tales they had heard of Louisiana, and thought they must have come to some land of desolation and despair.

But with the morning more cheerful thoughts came, and as they sailed up the river they saw that all the stories they had heard of this wonderful country were no doubt true, and that when the spring came the land would be as beautiful as they had ever imagined.

On the tenth day they arrived at an Indian village, where they found a letter that had been left there years before for La Salle. It was from the Chevalier Tonti, who, on hearing that La Salle had left France with a fleet bound for the mouth of the Mississippi, started from Canada and came down the river to meet him.

But after waiting in vain for his friend, he went back again to the Canadian lakes, leaving a letter with the natives to tell La Salle of his visit.

But the letter was never delivered, for the brave leader for whom it was intended met his death while wandering hopelessly through the wilderness of Texas, and during all the years that followed, the Indians kept the "speaking-bark" reverently, and, when these new adventurers came from France, gave it into their hands, and told them wonderful stories of Tonti, the *iron-handed*, as he was called, because of his having lost one of his hands, which had been supplied by another made of iron.

It was pleasant to the visitors to hear these accounts of their countrymen and their friendly relations with the Indians, and they thought it gave fair promise for the future; for they well knew how difficult it would be to found a colony in this new country if the natives proved hostile.

The principal tribe of Louisiana was the Natchez. These people were of a light mahogany complexion, having regular and noble features, and fine, intelligent eyes. The men were all tall and well proportioned, the smallest

Natchez ever seen by the French being five feet in height, and this was considered such a defect by the tribe that the man was looked upon as a dwarf, and kept himself hidden.

The Natchez claimed that they had originally come from some place near the sun, and that through many years their tribe had journeyed eastward, following the rising sun, until it rested among the beautiful hills and plains of Louisiana.

They believed that in former times their tribe had been very foolish and ignorant, living almost like brutes; but while they were in this condition there appeared among them, one day, a man and a woman who had descended from the sun. They were clothed in garments of light, and their appearance was so dazzling that no human eye could look upon them.

The man told the Indians that he had seen from the sun their miserable condition, and had come down to the earth to teach them how to live.

The Natchez looked with wonder and awe upon these unearthly beings, but their faces, though majestic, were so full of love and kindness, that the ignorant savages felt that it would be a great blessing to the tribe to have such teachers, and besought them to dwell among them and teach them how to live well and beautifully, like the dwellers in the realms of the sun.

The glorious visitors consented, on condition that the Indians would obey them in everything they commanded, and as the savages readily promised this, the man and woman took up their abode amongst them, and began teaching them the arts of peace. Certain laws were laid down, the principal ones being that they were never to kill anyone except in self-defence, that they were never to lie, and never to steal, and that they must be generous to their friends, charitable to their enemies, and give help to the poor and sick.

These laws the Natchez promised faithfully to obey, and so well did they keep their promise that the tribe soon rose to honor and distinction.

After the visitor from the sun had given his laws, he ordered two temples to be built at either end of the Natchez country, and here was placed the sacred fire which he called down from the sun, and ordered to be continually kept up with walnut-wood stripped of its bark, for, if the sacred fire ever ceased, great calamities would befall the nation.

Eight priests were appointed for each temple, and if by any mishap the fire chanced to go out in one temple, it was to be replaced by hurrying to the other and borrowing some of its burning coals ; but the borrowed fire was not to be given without a fierce battle between the guardians of the two temples, so that the blood shed before the flaming altar would propitiate the evil spirits who were always trying to overcome the good. Whoever let the sacred fire go out was to be punished with death ; and if the holy flame disappeared from both temples, then the nation might know that grief and desolation were on their way to them.

The descendants of these heavenly visitors were called Suns, and were made chiefs, the king being called the Great Sun, and the others Little Suns, and their persons were held sacred because of their divine origin ; and when any Sun died, numbers of the common people were sacrificed as a tribute to the royal blood of the deceased.

The Natchez believed in a Great Spirit, the creator of the world, and in an Evil Spirit, who had at one time been very powerful, but now was chained in a dark cell. They also believed that there had once been a great flood, which had destroyed all the inhabitants of the earth, except a few who took refuge in a high mountain; and they thought that the first man had been moulded out of the same kind of clay that they used in making crockery, and that the Great Spirit had breathed life into him, and that everything in nature had been brought forth by the mere will of the Creator.

The Great Sun was supported by the presents which he received from the tribe during the religious festivals, which occurred several times a year, beginning with March, the moon of the deer, when the new year began, and the people rehearsed the great events of their history, which had been handed down from one generation to another by a certain class of young men, who were called the keepers of the voices of the past.

These deeds of history were carefully treasured, and were often recited before the oldest men of the tribe, in order that they might correct any wrong statement, and thus prevent mistakes.

The tribe divided the year into thirteen moons, and at every new moon a festival was held, taking its character from the time of year. Besides the moon of the deer, there was the moon of strawberries, the moon of old corn, the moon of water-melons, the moon of peaches, of blackberries, of new corn, of turkeys, of bears, of geese, of chestnuts, and the thirteenth, the moon of walnuts.

At each of these festivals the Great Sun received his tribute, which was always freely and gladly given by his subjects.

In September, the moon of new corn, the festival was only second in importance to that of March. Preparations for it were begun early in the season, when a tract of new land was cleared by fire, and the corn was planted by the warriors of the tribe, led by the war-chief. Anyone else who attempted to take part in the cultivation of this field of corn, was punished with death.

When the corn was ripe, the warriors chose a well-shaded spot, where they built a large, round tower, which was filled with the new corn. Around this place were built little huts of branches and moss, and here the people came on the day appointed, and awaited the arrival of the Great Sun, who was carried to the tower in the chair of state, which was beautifully decorated with embroidered deer-skins and garlands of leaves and flowers, and borne by the most distinguished warriors of the tribe. Then, after a ceremonious reception, the king was carried around the tower, which he saluted with three howls, which were responded to by nine long yells from the people. After this, the new fire was kindled by rubbing two sticks together, and the corn was roasted and eaten by the people, the feast being followed by singing, which in turn was put to an end by the war-chief, who struck his tomahawk in a red post that always stood in the midst of the circle, and began relating his deeds of daring among other tribes. All the warriors followed with their speeches, after which the young braves struck the post and said what they meant to do when they became men.

When night came, hundreds of torches made of dry reeds lighted up the scene, and then dancing began which lasted till daylight. And so the festival was continued, day after day, until the corn was eaten up and the feast ended by a return to the usual duties of life.

The Natchez owed their great strength and stature to their early education, which was always of a kind to strengthen the limbs and muscles; from the age of three the boys were accustomed to bathing in the river, winter and summer, and to performing all those exercises which develop and harden the frame. At twelve years they were put under an old man, who taught them all things thought necessary for them to know, and gave prizes to the strongest and most skilful.

The girls were taught to make crockery, pots, bottles, basins, dishes and plates, and ornament them with strange designs; they also made nets to catch birds and fish, and could dress, and dye skins in various colors, and make bed-coverings of the bark of the mulberry-tree, and of the feathers of the wild-fowl that were so abundant. Both men and women were fond of fanciful dressing, and wore rings of bone, and collars decorated with alligators' teeth and the claws of wild beasts; and when the whites came among them and brought little bells and other small ornaments, the Indians were delighted, and strung them around their necks and waists, taking great pleasure in their musical tinkling.

When the French appeared in Louisiana, they were surprised to see so much order and harmony among these wild savages, and were much impressed by their grave and courteous manners, and saw that their respect for their laws and their veneration for truth and justice among themselves, would stand the whites in good service.

At first things went on pleasantly enough; the French took pains to be friendly with the Indians, and the Indians had a great respect for the pale-faces who could bring such destruction in battle by means of their magic weapons of war, and for many years there was no serious trouble. But in 1716 the little French colony in Louisiana learned that a party of Canadians, while travelling on the Mississippi, had been murdered by the Natchez.

The Governor of Louisiana immediately ordered soldiers to be sent right into the heart of the Natchez settlements; they encamped on an island some distance from their enemies, and sent a messenger to ask the chiefs to a friendly conference, and as the Indians did not know that the French had heard of their treachery, they came to the meeting, and were in consequence easily taken prisoners. The Great Sun and two of his brothers were then held captive until they revealed the names of the murderers, and delivered them up to justice.

The French then built a fort in the midst of the Natchez villages, and their boldness in doing this, and the resolution they showed in bringing the guilty Indians to punishment, impressed the natives with such a sense of the white man's power that they agreed to a treaty of peace.

This event is important in the history of Louisiana, as it gave a blow to the secret plans of the Natchez to drive the whites away from their country, and also gave the French more confidence in themselves, while showing at the same time to the world outside that the French occupation of Louisiana was something more than a name. A short time after this the new country became famous all over the civilized world as a place where every man who would, might make a princely fortune, and become the owner of vast tracts of the most valuable land on the face of the earth.

This idea was started by a Scotchman named John Law, who put himself at the head of a company called the Mississippi Company, which had for its object the making of immense fortunes from the colony of Louisiana. All over France books and papers were distributed, giving the most glowing and fanciful descriptions of Louisiana.

The wealth of Mexico and Peru was counted as nothing to the riches of this new country, which, for beauty and fertility, could only be compared with the Garden of Eden, or the Happy Islands of the old Greeks.

Wonderful stories were told of its beautiful mountains, clothed in eternal verdure, its happy valleys, warm with the southern sun, and its fertile soil, which brought forth spontaneously all the fruits of the earth, each month furnishing in turn its rich harvest of berries, pears, peaches, grapes, oranges, and tropical fruits.

Here also could be found the finest domestic animals, as well as rare and beautiful birds, remarkable for their sweet singing and brilliant plumage. The robin and lark sang in the blossoms of the trees, ducks, pheasants and woodcock offered tempting morsels for the table, and gorgeous peacocks and dazzling white swans made their homes in the meadows and on the river-banks.

The streams were full of choicest fish, so abundant that millions of men could be fed on them, and the forests were stocked with game, so that the poorest of the colonists could enjoy the delicacies that in Europe were only to be found at the tables of the noble and wealthy.

And then the atmosphere possessed such wonderful qualities, that men grew old so slowly that one might hope to live much longer there than anywhere else. It was said that there were Indians there who still looked young although they were hundreds of years old, and best of all, these natives were of such kind and generous disposition that they willingly became the slaves of the whites, and performed all their labor freely and gladly.

And, greatest thing of all, the new colony possessed inexhaustible mines of gold and silver; indeed the whole surface of the country was strewn with lumps of gold, and the waters of the Mississippi were full of the same precious metal, while silver was so common it was used to pave the roads.

The fields were covered with flowers which had the singular virtue of turning the night-dews that fell into them into diamonds, and over all this scene of beauty swept only the softest winds, while the skies above were always blue, and the sun shone month after month in unclouded splendor.

These extravagant stories spread from palace to hut, and all over France rose a wild desire to possess some of the wealth of this marvellous region.

Kings and nobles, and common people and peasants, all looked upon John Law as the man who held the key to a kingdom of inexhaustible riches, and everywhere there was no thought of anything but the chance of going to Louisiana, or at least of purchasing some of its valuable land. So powerful did Law become that he received even the princes of the realm with haughtiness and condescension, while the greatest ladies in France were eager to court his favor, and it seemed to all that the word, Mississippi, was the *open sesame* that would lead them into vast treasure-houses of gold and silver.

Hundreds of emigrants left France for the new colony, and if this belief in its wealth had been kept up very long, Louisiana would speedily have become populated with Europeans.

But a change came. It was found that Law was only a deceiver, and that the colony on the

Mississippi was exactly like other colonies that had been planted in the New World—a place where one might have wealth and ease only by earning them with honest labor.

All the stories about the beauty of Louisiana were at once contradicted. It was said to be a place of bogs and marshes, with a climate that brought disease and death. That the fruits and berries were all poisonous, and that the forests were peopled with monstrous beasts. That the rivers were full of reptiles which made the water unfit to drink, and the Mississippi every year rolled down such immense logs, and rose to such height, that it flooded all the country around and the people had to live in the trees like monkeys. That even the birds were grotesque in appearance and did not sing, the only sounds that could be heard being the howling of wolves, the screeching of owls, and the croaking of frogs so big that they could swallow children.

And besides, it was said that Europeans in that country grew smaller year after year, until finally they became a race of pigmies, while the horses grew less in size until they were as small as sheep, the cattle became as small as rabbits, and the fowls were reduced to the size of sparrows.

And the Indians who had been represented as kind and generous, were in reality cannibals who were constantly at war with the colonists.

But the Mississippi Company had taken money from the people, and promised in return to colonize Louisiana so that their money might be returned to them with profit; and when emigrants suddenly showed a wish to return to France, and no one was any longer willing to leave a quiet home for the dangers and privations of a life in the colony, then the Company sent agents all over France and compelled people to emigrate.

Tramps, beggars, gypsies, wandering musicians, strolling-players, and homeless wanderers of every class were kidnapped by these agents and smuggled on board vessels bound for Louisiana, and in some cases, even the most respectable people were carried away from their homes and driven along the great public roads that led to the sea-ports, suffering from hunger and thirst and weariness in the day-time, and at night sleeping in barns or fields, until the whole country was in a state of alarm, and the name Mississippi became so hated and dreaded, that the mothers for years and years afterwards frightened their naughty children by threatening to send them to the Mississippi.

Law had to leave France in order to save his life from the hatred of the people he had ruined, and when the Mississippi Company came to an end, it left some of the wealthiest families of France reduced to poverty, and life in Louisiana a thing to be thought of with dread.

The Company, though, had really been of benefit to the colony, as large numbers of emigrants had gone thither, and the settlement and ownership of Louisiana by the French was thus carried on much more swiftly.

New Orleans was founded in 1718 in the midst of a dense forest. The ground was swampy and marshy and filled with pools of stagnant water, but the site was selected because it was considered to be the best place for the foundation of a large commercial city, and time has proven the truth of this belief.

The town was begun by fifty men who had been chosen by the governor. Each man struck his axe at the same moment into an immense tree, and as the fifty trees fell to the ground, they marked the beginning of one of the most important cities of the Union.

An old squaw who was standing near, chanted a wild song while the men were at work, in which she said that the time of her death had come, since the white men had taken possession of the spot where she had dwelt a hundred summers and winters, and that the Great Spirit had told her that in the years to come the dwellings of the pale-faces would stand as thick as trees between the river and the lake, while her own people would be doomed to perish from the land, and their memory would be like the mist that shrouded the face of the great father of waters in the cold mornings of winter.

Although she was the only Indian who stood there watching the trees fall one by one around her, yet her dark prophecy of woe was felt by all the tribe.

Many and fierce were the conflicts between the Indians and the whites in those early days of Louisiana, but the savages always felt despair in their hearts, for they knew they were no match against the greater wisdom of the whites. And another cause of discouragement was the loss of the sacred fire. The guardians of the temples had let the holy flame die out, and for fear of punishment, had kindled it with a profane spark, and thus, when it happened afterward that the other temple fire went out and the priest came in haste to procure the borrowed coals, the sacred fire which he asked for could not be given him; and when this became known among the nation, they felt that they had lost their most precious treasure, and would hereafter suffer all kinds of misery and woe as a punishment for the carelessness of the temple guardians.

And this gloomy foreboding came to pass, for as time went on, the Natchez became fewer and fewer, their brave warriors were killed in battle, and multitudes of the common people were sold as slaves, until at last they, with the other tribes of Louisiana, gave up the contest in despair, and looked on with hopeless hearts while village after village, and town after town, arose peopled with whites, and merry pale-faced children played among the forests and groves of orange and magnolia trees, through which their own dark-eyed little ones had formerly wandered as free as the air, and as happy as the flowers at their feet.

New Orleans was made the capital in a few years, and as all the colonists had long since given up the idea of gathering up gold and silver from the rivers and meadows, they turned their attention to the cultivation of the land.

Great plantations were laid out, and as the peasants who had come from France found it almost impossible to work in the fields during the warm season, it was decided to introduce slavery into the colony.

And so vessels were sent from France to Africa to bring slaves to Louisiana, and as the negroes were kidnapped from their homes and brought very fair prices when sold to the planters, the slave trade became very profitable.

The blacks performed almost all the field work, and as they could easily labor even in the greatest heat, the plantations soon became very valuable.

Rice, cotton, indigo, corn, and tobacco were the chief productions of the cultivated portions of the country, while furs, skins, and boards were procured in abundance from the forests, and found a ready sale in the old world.

In 1751 some sugar-canes were sent from the West Indies, as a present to the priests in New Orleans. A few negroes, who understood the raising of these plants, were also sent, but although the greatest pains were taken, the attempt was unsuccessful, and for many years after that it was thought impossible to raise sugar in Louisiana.

But in the midst of prosperity troubles arose in the colony, the Indians became more and more hostile, and the English had begun to make themselves troublesome.

A great many soldiers had to be sent from France to keep order and defend the colonies from their foes, and as the expenses of this army were very great, and agriculture and trade began to suffer, it soon happened that

Louisiana became very expensive to the French crown.

One trouble followed another, and at last, after a long war with the English in Canada, France gave to England all her possessions east of the Mississippi, and to Spain, whose help she had asked, all her territory west of the Mississippi, and thus Louisiana came to be a part of the Spanish crown. This treaty was signed in 1762.

The inhabitants of the colony, whites and Indians alike, disliked the idea of being governed by Spain, but all their prayers were of no avail, and they were forced to accept a Spanish governor and to consider themselves a part of Spain.

A little while after this Louisiana received large numbers of the Acadians, whom the English had driven from Nova Scotia.

Ever since they had left their own homes in the north, the Acadians had been longing to seek refuge in some province of France, where they might live in the midst of their own people, and hear their own language, and be governed according to their own law and religion. And although the English had at first scattered the poor outcasts among their own colonies, the Acadians, by refusing to look upon their new neighbors as friends, and by their undying hatred of their conquerors, at last became such a burden that the English were glad to let them go where they wished.

And thus it happened that the first thing of importance that occurred after Louisiana became a part of Spain, was the arrival of these new-comers, whose hearts were still loyal to the lilies of France, and who joined with the Louisianians in their hatred of their new masters.

Added to this dislike, the Spanish governor proved haughty and overbearing, caring little for the wishes of his French subjects. Trouble at once began, which increased year after year, until the Louisianians, joined by the Acadians and blacks, revolted against the power of Spain.

But Spain considered it her interest to keep possession of Louisiana, and as a lesson to the colony, and in order to show her power to Mexico, which was also a Spanish colony, the leaders of the revolution were sentenced to death, and the power of the French was broken.

Their dislike of Spain, however, increased as time went on, and notwithstanding the presence of the Spaniards the colony remained French.

The richer class still retained the manners and customs of their beloved fatherland, and in the towns, and on the plantations along the river, could be seen the easy and graceful manners and the elegant costumes of the French court. For although the dwellings were very humble compared with the beautiful mansions of Paris, the Louisianians still surrounded themselves with all the luxury they could obtain, and in a home of the most modest pretensions might be seen the gold-embroidered coat, the lace and frills, and silver-handled sword, the brocaded gown, powdered head, and flowered skirts of the court.

Although Spain put down the rebellion so quickly, discontent still remained, and there was constant trouble with the Spanish authorities.

Indeed, during the forty years that Louisiana was held by Spain, its inhabitants never failed to show by word and deed their loyalty to France.

Finally, in 1800, Spain gave Louisiana back to France. But France was in no condition then to take advantage of such a priceless gift. She was very much in debt, and was at war with nearly every country of Europe.

The United States had in the meantime taken their place among the nations of the world, and the western territories had found it very bad for their trade to have the Mississippi in the possession of a foreign nation which might at any time declare war and close the river to American vessels.

The United States then thought of buying the island on which New Orleans stands, and the right of passage to the Gulf, but before this offer was made France proposed to sell the whole region of Louisiana to the new Republic. The United States did not hesitate very long, and in 1803 paid France fifteen millions of dollars, and received in return all that vast territory lying between the Gulf of Mexico on the south and the British possessions on the north, and extending from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains.

The purchase of Louisiana was one of the most important things in the early history of the United States.

It doubled the territory of the country, and with its vast resources, promised to increase its wealth a hundred-fold. The culture of the sugar-cane had been successfully begun a few years before, and this, together with the immense cotton plantations, became a source of enormous riches.

The city of New Orleans is to-day the greatest cotton market in the world, and its sugar trade is only second to that of Havana.

The city still retains its French character, although it has been for nearly a hundred years a part of an English-speaking country; and in looking over its numberless streets, and beautiful dwellings, and busy population, one can see that the prophecy of the Indian sibyl at the time of its foundation has come true; for the dwellings of the white man indeed stand as thick as the trees of the forest, while the red man has vanished from the scene forever, and even his memory is fading away.

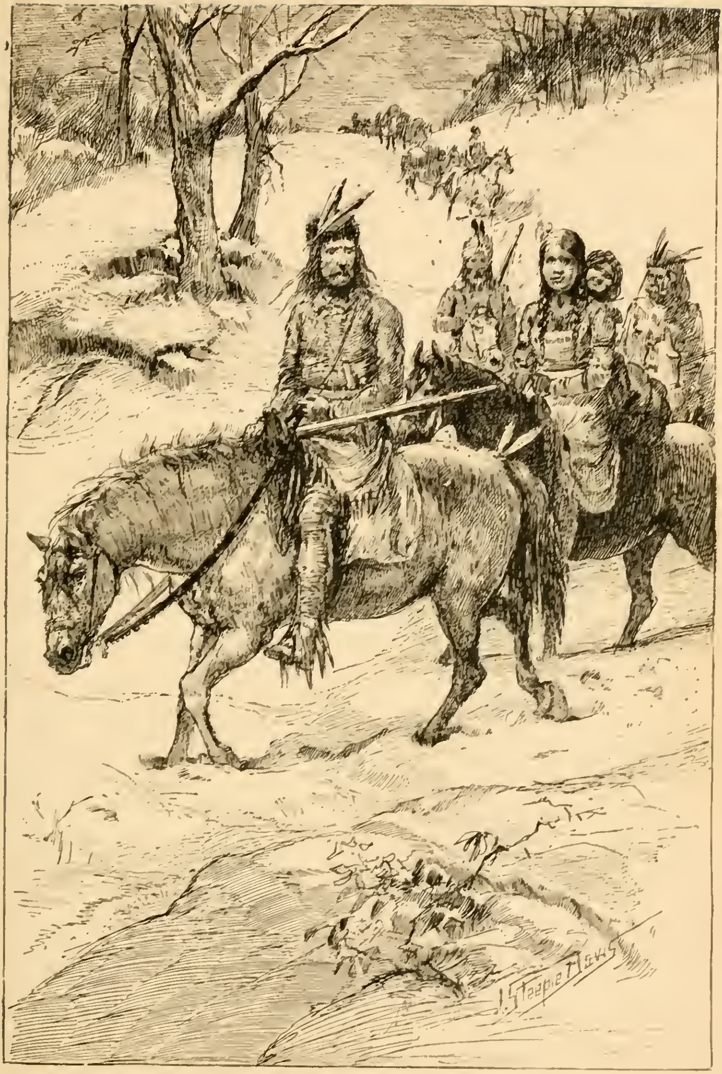
CHAPTER IV.

THE EXPEDITION OF LEWIS AND CLARKE TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

THE purchase of Louisiana had given to the United States a vast region almost unknown to the white man.

From the earliest settlement of America, the French in Canada had been familiar with the tribes living on either side of the Mississippi, and it was said they had even journeyed up the Missouri and become acquainted with the Indians of that part of the country; but to the people of the United States all the great territory west of the Mississippi was as strange as the lands around the North Pole are to-day.

But so great was the interest awakened by the purchase of the new lands, that the Government decided to send out an exploring party to


J. Steeple Davis

PIONEERS IN THE WEST.

gain information about Louisiana and report its value.

This expedition was ordered to follow the Missouri up to its sources, and crossing the Rocky Mountains, descend to the sea by the streams, thus finding out the great water-ways across the continent. It was also to study the habits of the strange tribes of Indians, and the nature of the country, its climate, soil, vegetable and mineral wealth, its mountains, volcanoes, lakes, and rivers, and the animals that roamed in its forests.

The expedition was led by two officers by the name of Lewis and Clarke, and loaded with presents for the Indians, left St. Louis, which was then a small village, in May, 1804.

It was the pleasantest part of the year to undertake such a journey, and for many days the party sailed peacefully up the river, enjoying the beautiful country through which they were passing.

In some places groves of cottonwood, sycamore, hickory and walnut trees came down to the water's edge, their trunks twined thick with grape-vines, and their leaves drooping low over the rushes that lined the banks.

Again could be seen clouds of peach-blossoms hanging above meadows beautiful with violets, cowslips and wild roses, while the prairies were red for miles with the ripe strawberries. The weather, too, was favorable to travelling, and as the sails were often sufficient to move the boat, the men could journey for hours at a time without even the exertion of rowing.

The first thing that was unpleasant happened when they received news that the Indians would not believe that the country had been bought by the United States, and had burned the letter that had been sent to them telling them of this fact.

But when the exploring party appeared among them, the natives showed a disposition to be friendly, and Captain Lewis remained with them several days. Among the tribes in this part of the country were the Osage Indians, who had a very curious belief as to their origin. They told the white men that ages and ages before, a great snail that had been lying along the river bank, had been washed down to the mouth of the Missouri and ripened by the sun into a man. Then the Great Spirit gave him a bow and arrow, and taught him how to kill deer, and cook its flesh and make clothing of its skin.

But when the new-made man started back to his home up the river, he was met by an old beaver who threatened to drive him away. As the snail-man was not so strong as his enemy, he would have had to leave the country forever had not the beaver's daughter fallen in love with him. The old beaver consented to their marriage, and they settled upon the banks of the Osage; but out of respect to their origin their descendants held the beaver as a sacred animal, and never hunted it.

After this stop the party went on its way, but not quite so swiftly or pleasantly; for the river was now in some places filled with drift-wood and sand-bars, and sometimes the oars had to be used all day.

The country was still beautiful—the lowlands were covered with rich grass, vines, flowers and berries, with groves of cherry, willow, and hazel; plums and apples were abundant; in the trees were strange birds, with voices like nightingales; through the forests roamed herds of elk and deer.

They travelled leisurely along, and after passing the Platte selected a shady and comfortable position for camping, and sent messengers to the Pawnee and Sioux, and other tribes, inviting them to a friendly meeting.

The chiefs and their warriors readily responded to the invitation, and there on the river-banks, with the great forest around them and the meadow-flowers at their feet, in the midst of beautiful and harmonious surroundings, the Indians gave their first promises of friendship to the United States; and with their pipes of peace pointed toward the white captains, acknowledged the President of the Republic as their Great Father, and vowed to protect their white brothers who were travelling among them.

It was the first treaty made with the Indians of the plains—and if the whites had kept the faith that was then given, the long years of trouble that followed would have been avoided;

but, whatever came afterward, both sides were at that time sincere, and so peace was kept and real friendship promised.

The Indians were delighted with the presents that were distributed among them, which consisted of flags, tomahawks, knives, beads, looking-glasses, richly laced coats, and medals imprinted with the likeness of the President; and they in turn presented the travellers with choice robes and highly dressed skins.

After the council was over, and the chiefs dismissed, the party proceeded on its way—meeting now with immense herds of buffaloes, and noticing that the country still seemed rich and beautiful, though the summer was gone and the early autumn had begun to touch the leaves with frost and cover the river with morning and evening mists. The days were cool and the swallows had disappeared, while great flocks of white gulls, with wings tipped with black, circled above.

Plums, grapes, and berries were ripe and abundant, and game and fish were easily obtained; so that the travellers fared well, although the nights grew frostier and the sky was frequently darkened with the southward-flying birds.

As they approached the north, the nights grew brilliant and beautiful with the tinted rays of the aurora and the golden splendor of the autumn moon. Herds of antelope were seen journeying toward their winter quarters in the Black Hills, and everything gave notice of the approach of the cold season.

Late in the autumn the party arrived at the country of the Mandan Indians, within the present Territory of Dakota, and here it was decided to spend the winter.

The Mandans received them hospitably, presented them with handsome robes, and helped them build their cabins. By the time these were finished the cold had come in earnest, the last swans had gone south, and the morning frost lingered on the trees till noonday; then the snow came and the river froze, and the travellers settled down to a quiet life in the Indian village.

They made short expeditions up and down

the frozen river, travelled on snow-shoes through the surrounding forests, and went on hunting-parties with their dark-skinned entertainers; while in the evenings they all sat around the blazing fires and listened to the curious tales which the Indians told of hunting and fishing, and of the deeds of the chiefs and warriors, and their strange beliefs about life and the world of spirits.

The Mandans believed that the whole tribe once lived underground near a wide, dark lake. Above, on the earth, grew a grape-vine, which sent its roots deep down into the ground and gave the people below their first glimpse of the light. Some of the tribe, more adventurous than the rest, climbed the grape-vine to the world above, and returned bringing clusters of purple grapes. This wonderful deed so excited the admiration of the dwellers by the lake that they all determined to climb the vine, and seek new homes above-ground. And this would have been accomplished had not the vine broken under the weight of one very fat old lady, who tumbled backward taking half the people with her. The remainder reached the light safely, and lived very contentedly above-ground; but when they died they expected to return again to the lake, and dwell there forever. This and many another stranger tale the Mandans told with perfect sincerity, and the white men who listened felt that they were indeed a curious people, and as different from them as the inhabitants of another world.

And so the winter passed in the little camp away up in the north, where the lakes lay frozen for months and the trees around their borders were white with snows. But the warm weather came at last; the snow melted, and some tiny plants began to show themselves above-ground; and the Indians gathered roots and herbs, and showed the whites how to use them for different purposes, such as the bite of a mad dog or a rattlesnake, or various other kinds of sickness.

Overhead they saw the swans flying northward, and flies, and bugs, and gnats began to appear. The ice broke up in the river and came down in great quantities, carrying with it buffaloes and other animals which the hunters secured. And in a little while the travellers built some new canoes, and started again on their journey.

They passed the great bend in the Missouri and went on toward the mountains, which they were eager to reach, their way still lying amid pleasant scenes, for the spring was as beautiful here as farther south. The fruit-trees bloomed, and the willows put forth their golden leaves, and the cotton-wood hung full of purple blossoms. The robins came, accompanied by the curlews and larks, while far above the flocks of pelicans passed swiftly through the air on their journey to the far north.

The country was alive with animals returning from their winter haunts—the squirrel, weasel, fox, marten, and hare appeared in immense numbers, as also the deer, antelope, white bear, and wolf.

A little later the wild rose began to bloom, and the thrush to sing; and amid such familiar sights and sounds the party went on its way through the new country.

They passed the Yellowstone, and proceeded without mishap until they neared the Great Falls.

Here they left the river, and began their overland journey to its sources. The paths were easy of travel, and the country as interesting as ever; sometimes a loud noise would be borne to them on the wind, and echo and re-echo among the hills. The Indians said that this was caused by the bursting of silver-mines in the mountains; but although the travellers noted carefully the appearance of the soil and the bed of the river, they did not catch a glimpse of the wealth that lay hidden away there, and the mountains kept their secret for many a long year to come.

The river grew narrower and more crooked as they went on, and up from its sides great granite-cliffs began to rise, like sentinels guarding the entrance to its source. The road became rugged and hard to climb, and progress was slow. Far away, the mountains towered, grand and beautiful, with their summits covered with snow; and everywhere clear mountain-brooks rushed swiftly by, their waters as pure and cold as the ice-bound springs from which they started.

Farther on, the road was often covered with snow, although it was the last of June, and in the valleys below the flowers were blooming. The mountains were covered with pine, cedar, and balsam trees, and their spicy odors filled the air and brought health and strength to the travellers. At last they came to a wall of black granite, which rose high above and extended for miles and miles, leading to a passage which the travellers called the Gate of the Mountains, and passing through this they went on until they discovered the source of the Missouri.

Part of their object was accomplished, for they had found the beginning of the river whose starting-point had always been such a mystery, and which had long been supposed to lead to the Pacific.

But, although the waters of the Missouri did not actually go to the sea, it was still possible to reach it by continuing westward, and so Captain Clarke and his company again started on their journey, and reaching the head-waters of the Columbia, after a toilsome passage of the mountains, again took to their canoes and proceeded down the river toward the ocean.

Canoeing was not always easy, as the river contained numerous rapids, narrows, and falls; but as the adventurers were generally warned of these by the Indians, they went on without accident.

The natives along the shores made frequent visits to the party of white men, and from them dried fish was procured, and also fine game.

From one chief Captain Clarke received a sketch of the Columbia, and of some of the tribes along its banks. It was drawn with a piece of coal on a robe, and was afterward copied by one of the men in order to preserve its character.

The journey down the Columbia occupied many weeks, and it was not until late in the autumn that the mouth of the river was reached; but one rainy morning, when the fog was so thick that it hid all the surrounding country, and the hills and mountains showed only dim, uncertain outlines, the travellers stopped at a little Indian village to purchase some food and beaver-skins. The village was built on a little island in the middle of the river, which immediately below widened into a bay which was full of low islands below high-water mark. From one bank rose high mountains, and back from the other low hills stretched irregularly along.

The white men made their bargains and proceeded leisurely along, when suddenly the fog lifted, and there, right before their eyes, they saw the waters of the Pacific. A little farther on the roar of the breakers came to their ears, and they felt that their long journey was accomplished.

It was on the 7th of November, 1805, when the ocean was reached, the party having travelled over four thousand miles since leaving St. Louis.

As it was too late in the season to think of returning across the mountains, a good place was chosen for winter quarters and the party went into camp.

Indian visitors frequently came to trade with them, and the whites noticed that the natives were extravagantly fond of blue beads, counting them of more value than anything else. In one case the Americans, wishing to buy an otter-skin, offered the chief a watch, a handkerchief, a silver dollar, and a bunch of red beads; but he refused each in turn, although the watch seemed very curious to him. He wanted only the blue beads, which he considered priceless.

The winter was mild, and except for the frequent rains, agreeable, with so little cold that until January the meat had to be preserved by smoking. Some birds stayed all through the winter months, and in February the robins returned and insects began flying about.

Captain Lewis and his men spent these months in studying carefully all the conditions of the new country, and the habits of the natives.

They found that the Indians of the Columbia River region lived chiefly by means of fishing. From May till November the rivers and streams were alive with fishermen, who when the autumn came, buried the fish and began gathering roots and herbs till the snow came. Then the fish were dug up, and going up to the mountains they passed the winter in hunting, the game and fish providing them with food till the warm weather came.

There were many different tribes living along the river, and their manner of life was carefully studied, as also their disposition toward strangers. For the most part the natives seemed willing enough to be friendly with the whites, and often assisted them in their explorations of the country.

The trees, flowers, shrubs, and berries were all described in the journal kept by the leaders, as were also the beasts, birds, fishes, and insects, it being found that in some respects the trees, and flowers, and smaller animals resembled those of the East, and in many cases were of the same kind. As soon as it became possible to travel the party set out on its homeward journey, which it took several months to accomplish. They reached St. Louis in safety, and were received with the greatest enthusiasm by the inhabitants of that little village.

The news of their return and the reports of their wonderful journey soon spread all over the country. In every town and village of the Union nothing was talked of but the wonders of the great West—its immense rivers, gigantic mountain-ranges, beautiful prairies, and fertile plains and valleys.

Not until then did the people begin to realize how important had been the purchase of Louisiana, and what a source of wealth and power the new country might become.

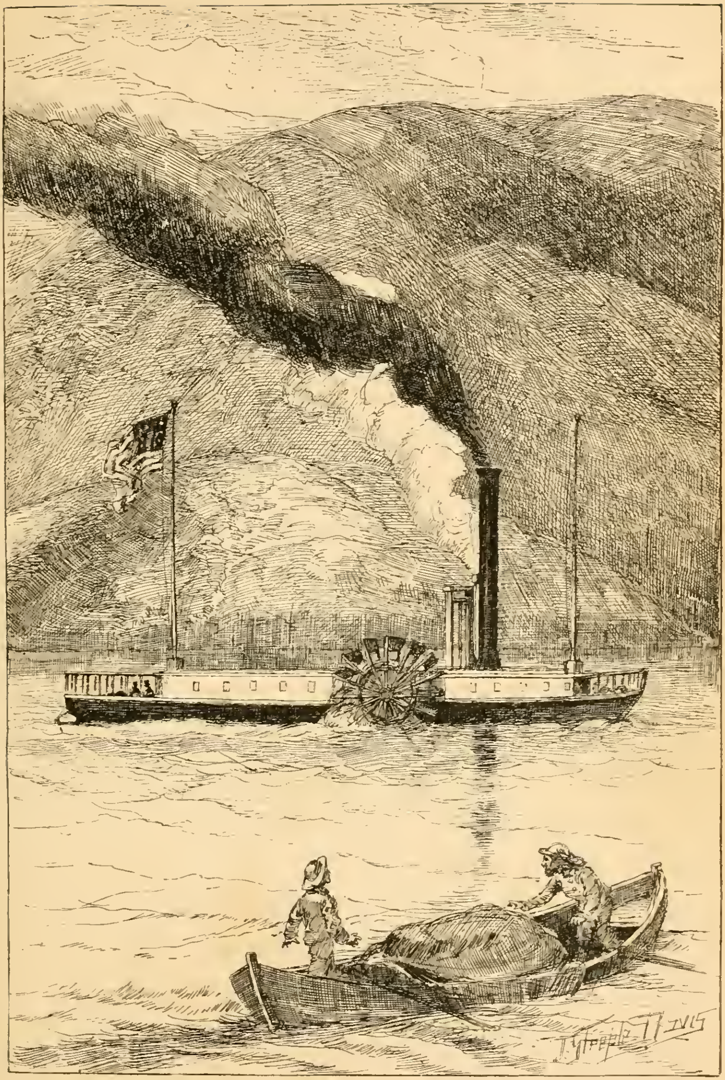
The Mississippi was no longer looked upon as the western frontier, but everyone looked beyond it to the rivers that had so lately guided the canoe of the white man to the snowy peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and had led him at length to the shores of that western ocean which Spanish adventurer and French explorer had in vain tried to reach through the impenetrable forests and inhospitable plains that hindered their progress and made them turn back discouraged, little dreaming that the Pacific would at last be reached by the youngest of the nations, and that the first banner to float over the new country would be neither the gorgeous standard of Spain nor the fleur-de-lis of France, but the then unknown flag, whose little cluster of stars in its field of blue shone as purely as the mountain-snows that gleamed against the summer skies under which it was first unfurled.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

In the early ages of the world, when the sea was yet to man a thing of awe and terror, whose uttermost limits were supposed to be peopled with demons and the spirits of darkness, the boldest sailors never ventured beyond a day's journey from the shore.

Skirting slowly along the coasts, their little open boats would move from place to place, and city to city, carrying rare and valuable merchandise from the East to the Mediterranean towns, or creep cautiously along the Spanish and French shores up to Britain in search of tin and other metals, while all the time the sailors would be carefully examining the earth and sky, looking anxiously for good harbors as the night came on, and dreading nothing so much as the light of the first star, which often only came to



THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

them as a solemn messenger, warning them that the day was past and they were still far from port.

For hundreds of years this method of sea-voyaging was kept up, and even much later on, when the fierce and courageous Norse vikings had begun to sail the northern seas in their staunch vessels, the ocean still seemed an awful and mysterious place, where sudden dangers might easily overtake, and unseen perils encompass, the adventurous mariner.

And as the viking ships plunged through the stormy waves of the northern ocean, sometimes lost in fogs, and often in danger of being crushed between great icebergs, or dashed to pieces against inhospitable shores, whose outlines shone dimly through the shrouding sea-mists, the brave sailors on board felt that, fond as they were of the sea, it was still full of threatening evils, and as much to be feared as loved.

After the invention of the compass, ocean voyaging became less dangerous, the Atlantic and Pacific came to be familiar highways, and regular travel was established between the Old World and the New. But although travelling by sea was safer and more comfortable than it had ever been before, it still seemed to many that great improvements might yet be made.

And while Lewis and Clarke were moving up the waters of the Missouri in their Indian canoes, and the products of the Mississippi Valley were being carried down to New Orleans in flat-boats, and the vessels plying across the Atlantic took weeks and months to make a single voyage, there was living in Europe an American inventor whose head was full of a great plan by which these slow ways of travelling might be done away with, and vessels be carried across the ocean, and up and down the great rivers of the United States, at a much faster rate than had ever been reached before.

This man, whose name was Robert Fulton, had from his earliest childhood shown the greatest talent for invention.

He was born in Lancaster, Pa., in the year 1765, and lived for seventeen years in that healthy and beautiful region, seizing every opportunity for studying drawing and mechanics, and often astonishing his friends by some clever little invention.

He made wonderful toys and original fireworks; he invented an air-gun, and was always welcome at the gunsmith's, where his ornamental designs for decorating guns, and his sketches for new weapons of this kind, were often made use of; and his drawings and caricatures were a never-ceasing source of amusement to his friends.

When the Revolution broke out, and the boys of the town divided themselves into "Tories" and "Patriots," the young artist's sketches of the Tory boys were always greeted with shouts of enthusiasm by the Patriot class. So bitter was the feeling between the two parties that the boys used to meet regularly at sunset near the barracks, where some British prisoners were confined, and engage in a regular fight over a rope that was stretched across the street. After a few of these combats young Fulton drew a sketch representing the Patriot boys jumping over the rope and giving the Tories a desperate thrashing, and this picture so inspired the young revolutionists that the next evening they followed out the hint it contained, and leaping over the rope, attacked the Tories so fiercely that the town authorities had to be called upon to stop the fight and forbid any future recurrence of it.

But although Robert Fulton was as fond of sport as other boys of his age, he was also very earnest and thoughtful, and even his amusements suggested grave thoughts to him. From his love of fishing he invented a little fishing-boat, with paddle-wheels to propel it, instead of the heavy and awkward pole that was in general use; and in his expeditions into the country the flight of the birds through the air, and the motion of the fish through the water, often led him to wonder whether man, too, might not be able at some future time to travel from place to place more rapidly than he could do at present.

But although this thought was always present with him, his early manhood was devoted to other things. At seventeen he went to Philadelphia, and supported himself there for several years by painting portraits and landscapes, and making drawings of machinery.

After this he went to Europe, where he remained many years, studying, planning, and inventing. Bridges, railways, canals, aqueducts, and machines of all kinds engaged his attention, and he was employed at different times by the English Government, which was very glad to make use of his many talents.

He also was busy with plans for building great canals in the United States, thus connecting the East and West together, and providing means of transportation for the products of the different States.

But all the time that he was giving his attention to so many different subjects he was still cherishing his great idea for a more rapid way of travelling by water. During all these years there hung on his wall a sketch of a steamboat, and in spite of delay and disappointment, he repeated with a cheerful heart his favorite motto, *That the liberty of the seas would be the happiness of the earth.*

One of the greatest of Fulton's inventions was the torpedo, which was used for blowing up vessels of war. The English Government provided a brig for an experiment with the torpedo, and hundreds of people lined the shore, on the day chosen, to watch the result. The experiment was a complete success, the explosion of the torpedo lifting the brig high in the air, breaking her in two and shattering her to pieces as easily as if she had been an egg-shell.

But it was thought by the great inventor that the torpedo could be used to much greater advantage if it could be sent from a boat underneath the water. He therefore turned his attention to the invention of a diving boat for carrying torpedoes. After some time he built a vessel which he thought would be suitable for such purposes, and in the spring of 1801 decided to make an experiment on the French coast at Brest; but it was not until the following August that he considered his invention a perfect success, since many trials were made before all the difficulties of such an undertaking were overcome. The boat was called the Nautilus, and was so constructed that her sails and rigging could easily be hauled down, and the vessel thus allowed to plunge down into the water. Near the bow was a window of thick glass, which gave sufficient light to tell the time by, and in a copper globe was forced a large quantity of pure air, so that the crew could remain for hours under water with perfect safety.

With such a vessel as this, a country would have all the ships of war in the world at her mercy.

The Nautilus could approach a vessel, launch a torpedo at her, and then dive below the water completely out of sight, and only reappear again when many leagues away.

This wonderful invention filled Europe with astonishment. Twenty years before the world had beheld with amazement the first balloon rise in the air, and now it seemed that man's ingenuity had found a means of rivalling the powers of the monsters of the deep as well as those of the birds of the air. Men began to talk of what was waiting for the race in the future, and with these wonderful inventions in mind it no longer seemed impossible to believe that the time might come when people would fly through the air and walk upon the sea.

But although such boats as the Nautilus might be considered very useful in war, Fulton thought a great deal more about making a vessel that would be useful in time of peace.

Already many inventors of different nations had attempted to build boats that could be moved by steam, but so far all had been unsuccessful.

Fulton set himself about finding where the faults lay, and after many trials and failures at last made a model which he thought would answer. From this model he built a boat, while still in France, and proposed making an experiment with her on the Seine. But just as the preparations were about complete, word was brought to him that the boat had broken in pieces and gone to the bottom. Fulton found that the machinery had been too heavy for the frame of the boat, and not in the least discouraged by the accident began building a larger vessel. The same engines were used, and the boat, when completed, was sixty-six feet long and eight feet wide. The trial trip was made in the presence of the members of the French National Institute, and large numbers of Parisians, and was entirely satisfactory.

Fulton was now so confident that steam could be used for propelling boats, that he immediately sent to England and ordered parts of a steam-engine to be made and sent to America, intending that his next steamboat should be built in that country.

He reached the United States in 1806, and at once set about his work of building a larger vessel than he had yet attempted.

All during the time that the new boat was building, Fulton and his friends were subjected to the ridicule and sneers of those who had no faith in the project.

As it was very expensive to undertake such a work, there was an attempt made to borrow money, giving the lender an interest in the vessel; but every effort of this kind met with utter failure. Men would have as soon thought of lending money to build a flying machine to go to the moon. One of the chief objections to the scheme was that it would take so much wood to keep up the fires that the boat would break under the weight of the engines and fuel.

But Fulton paid no heed to these objections, and kept on with his work. The boat was finished in 1807, furnished with the engines from England, and in the same year made her first trip on the Hudson. On the day of launching, the shores of the Hudson were lined with spectators, nearly all of whom had been drawn thither by the desire to ridicule the boat and its builder.

But the new vessel, which had been named the Clermont, soon proved that Fulton well knew how wisely he was building. She glided out from the wharf with the ease of a swan, and as each revolution of the wheels showed the success of the undertaking, loud shouts went up from the excited lookers-on, and the name of Fulton was cheered to the skies.

A short time after this the Clermont made her first trip to Albany, creating the most intense excitement all along the shores of the Hudson; many of the people of that region had never even heard of a steam-engine, and when they saw this strange-looking object moving up the river in the face of wind and tide, their curiosity and surprise knew no bounds. Never before, since the white sails of the Half-Moon had appeared beneath its wooded hills, had the Hudson witnessed so strange a sight as this.

The simple villagers looked out of their windows in dismay at this strange monster that was breaking the quiet of the night with such unearthly sounds, and breathing out flames and smoke as he approached.

The fishermen, in their little shallops, and the crews of the small vessels drifting down stream, or lying at anchor, were terror-stricken, and fled to the shore or took refuge in their cabins, only venturing to look out again when the dreadful noises had died away, and the awful object had vanished in the darkness, leaving only a long train of light behind to show that the whole thing had not been a dream.

When the Clermont passed Poughkeepsie a group of villagers standing on a high bluff opposite were just as terrified, although it was day.

They watched the strange visitant approaching without being able to imagine its nature in the least. Some declared it was a sea-monster, while others said they believed it to be a sign of the approaching judgment. When it came nearer, and they saw it was some sort of a vessel, their astonishment was still greater; for instead of gracefully tapering masts and swelling sails, they saw only straight black pipes rising high above the deck, and naked paddle-wheels turning and splashing, while dense clouds of smoke filled all the air and dimmed the vision of the wondering crowd.

The Clermont reached Albany safely, running at the rate of five miles an hour, and proving beyond a doubt, that navigation by steam was as safe and practicable as sailing or rowing, while the advantage gained by being able to move against wind and tide was so great that it could not be calculated.

In 1812 two steamboats were built by Fulton to be used as ferry-boats for crossing the Hudson River, taking twenty minutes for the trip, and at the same time floating docks were built at the wharves, so that the boats could come to shore without a shock.

After this the building of steamboats went on rapidly, and in a few years the sound of the steam-whistle, and the clouds of smoke and sparks from the huge black pipes, became almost as familiar to the dwellers of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys as had been the Indian canoes or the ugly and ungraceful flatboat.

Ocean travel by steam was only delayed a few years. In 1819 the steamship Savannah made a voyage across the Atlantic to Liverpool, going from there on to St. Petersburg, stopping in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. The Swedish king offered one hundred thousand dollars for the vessel, but as the amount was to be paid in hemp and iron the offer was refused.

At every port thousands of spectators came thronging down to the shore to see this wonderful messenger from across the seas, whose white sails now gleamed along the rugged northern coasts, and then again were folded like the wings of a tired bird, while she still glided serenely on her way secure against wind and tide.

The voyage of the Savannah led the way to the organization of numerous steamship companies, and as time went on, passenger vessels and ships of war were alike thought incomplete unless furnished with steam power. At first the paddle-wheels were so made that they could be taken off and stored away while the ship went on under sail; but the years brought gradual improvements, until the ocean steamer became the almost perfect vessel that it is now.

As Fulton had foreseen, the invention of the steamboat was one of the most important things in the history of civilization. Without it the great rivers of the world would still only be used by sailing vessels, dependent on currents and winds, and ocean travel still be the tedious and dangerous thing it was when months were spent in sailing across the Atlantic, in a ship wholly at the mercy of the weather, and liable at any time to be driven upon a strange coast, or to drift hopelessly among icebergs, and blinding fogs to sure destruction.

Fulton died in 1815, and was buried in Trinity Church-yard, New York, and although it is said he left his family penniless, he yet had the satisfaction of knowing that his life had been spent in noble service for his fellow-men, and that his dreams and ambitions had become accomplished and perfected, and a source of lasting good to the world.

Between his age and that of the early Phœnician voyagers, the changes had been great and eternal. No longer did the stars shine through the dim twilight, as mysterious signs of danger, but, on the contrary, the sailor had learned to read his path in their golden light, and in times of distress to fix his only hope on their changeless courses.

No longer did the shore seem the safest place when the night settled down over the waters, but instead, the great beacon-lights flaming from headland and cliff had come to be solemn warnings that his frail craft was safest out on the broad deep, and that the darkness that shrouded him was often the best protection against the unseen foes that might be traversing the seas in search of him.

Those early days of terror had departed forever, leaving in their stead the knowledge that the great oceans had been turned into vast highways, where ships sped after one another like the endless flight of birds, and man had learned that his greatest safety lay in that mutual help of man to man which had brought the seas in subjection to him, and had given him control over its wayward winds and restless waves.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE.

While the Atlantic coast of the United States was being built up with wealthy cities and thriving villages, and the western frontier was extending far beyond the Mississippi, the Indians of the Ohio Valley were still roving in lawless tribes through the fertile regions of Kentucky and Indiana, as savage as ever in their hatred of the whites, and only kept in check by their fear of a powerful Government.

The white settlers along the Ohio and its branches lived in constant terror of these bands of treacherous redskins, who did not seem to understand what faith or gratitude meant, and signed treaties and accepted kindness at the same time that they were revolving schemes of destruction and murder.

In many cases these outrages were the result of the bad treatment of the settlers, who generally looked upon the Indian as a deadly foe incapable of understanding either justice or mercy, and as year after year passed, and the savage saw his lands gradually taken possession of by the whites, and his favorite hunting-grounds turned into farms, he became more and more resentful toward the Government which allowed such things, and showed his hatred in any cruel way that became possible. The whole history of the settlement of the West is the history of wrongs done to the Indians, and their savage and bloody retaliations.

In every case where dispute arose as to the rights of property, the Indian saw the difference settled in favor of the white man, and was made to feel that justice was a thing he must not look for.

The Government of the United States gave away immense tracts of Indian lands to white settlers, forcing the original owners to take instead worthless presents of beads, blankets, fire-arms, and whiskey, and tribe after tribe was obliged to leave its pleasant dwelling-place among the familiar mountains and valleys, and seek a home far to the west, where the white man had not yet cared to penetrate.

Such a course could only result in constant trouble; the settlers were never safe from the attacks of the Indians, and the Indians were never sure that they would not be driven at any moment away from the places they had loved from childhood.

The old men of the tribes prophesied gloomily of the time to come when the red man would have vanished utterly from the hunting-grounds of his forefathers, and the young warriors could only listen with despair in their hearts, or turn their eyes sadly toward the West, in the hope that beyond its boundless prairies and towering mountain-chains might still be found a place where they might abide in peace and keep their homes free from the white man's touch.

The leading tribe of the Ohio valley were the Shawnees, whose brave and warlike chief, Tecumseh, was celebrated all along the Western frontier. Many a bloody victory had he gained over the offending whites, and his wigwam was hung thick with trophies of battle and the chase. Besides being mighty in war, and a skilful ruler over his tribe, he was of a serious disposition, and earnest in his endeavor to be of use to his unfortunate countrymen. Like King Philip and Pontiac, he dreamed of a time when his land should again be free from the hated presence of the white man, and he looked forward to the day when the Indians should unite and form a brave and powerful nation, too great to be ever subdued by any invading foe.

To him the gloomy prophesies of the old men seemed weak and cowardly, and the treaties which the other tribes were constantly making with the whites roused his indignation and disgust. He held that all the Indian lands were common property among the various tribes, and that no chief could sign away land without the consent of all the tribes who used the rivers for fishing, and the forests and prairies for hunting.

But the United States Government paid little heed to this doctrine, and tired of wars and massacres, and anxious to protect the settlers, signed, in 1809; a treaty at Fort Wayne with several chiefs, who gave up their titles to three millions of acres of land, lying along the Ohio and its tributaries.

Tecumseh refused to acknowledge this treaty, and threatened death to all who signed it, and calling a council of his warriors, declared his intention of driving the whites out of the country.

His brother, Elkswatawa, who was called the Prophet, and claimed to have received revelations from the spirit-world, joined his counsels to those of Tecumseh, and very soon the Shawnees were eager for the fight, and ready to follow their brave leader to victory or death. The messengers of war were sent from tribe to tribe, but so cautiously that the whites had no suspicion of the intended rising, and never dreamed that the Indian that they had seen in the morning peacefully traversing the forest or dropping down the quiet river in his slowly moving canoe, would at nightfall be standing around the campfire of some distant tribe, with his lifted hands red with blood, and his busy tongue charming his listeners with the eloquent pleadings that

Tecumseh knew so well how to put into the mouths of his emissaries.

Tecumseh himself travelled as far south as Tennessee, urging the nations to rise and join in one more great struggle with the whites, promising them that their lands would again be their own, and their hunting-grounds once more free to the red man as in the days of old.

Elkswatawa, too, inspired the tribes with his own wild enthusiasm, claiming that he had received promises of success from the world of spirits, and holding out honors and rewards to those who would join the Shawnees.

The Indians might doubt the revelations of Elkswatawa, and laugh at his dreams and visions but they could not doubt the faith and power of Tecumseh, who had led them to many a fierce victory, and whose name always carried terror to the hearts of the hardy frontiersmen. And so the tribes laid aside their petty jealousies and agreed to unite in a common cause.

News of the great conspiracy reached the Government, and Governor Harrison, in command of the West, tried in vain to make peace.

But Tecumseh would listen to nothing excepting a promise to have back the lands that had been given away by the chiefs at Fort Wayne.

But Governor Harrison refused this, and sending for soldiers, prepared for war. The Indians immediately began to prowl through the Wabash Valley, and the settlers found that all their old troubles had come back. Lonely farmhouses were attacked at night and the inmates murdered; prosperous little villages were plundered and burned; women and children were carried off to torture and captivity, and the work of years of careful saving and hard labor destroyed in an hour.

Harrison marched into the valley and proceeded toward the town of the Prophet, near the mouth of the Tippecanoe. Here he was met by messengers from Elkswatawa, who asked for a conference, to be held on the following day. The governor granted this request, and the army encamped for the night on a piece of high ground overlooking the surrounding country. A small creek bounded the encampment on one side, and all around were spread out the

CHAPTER VII.

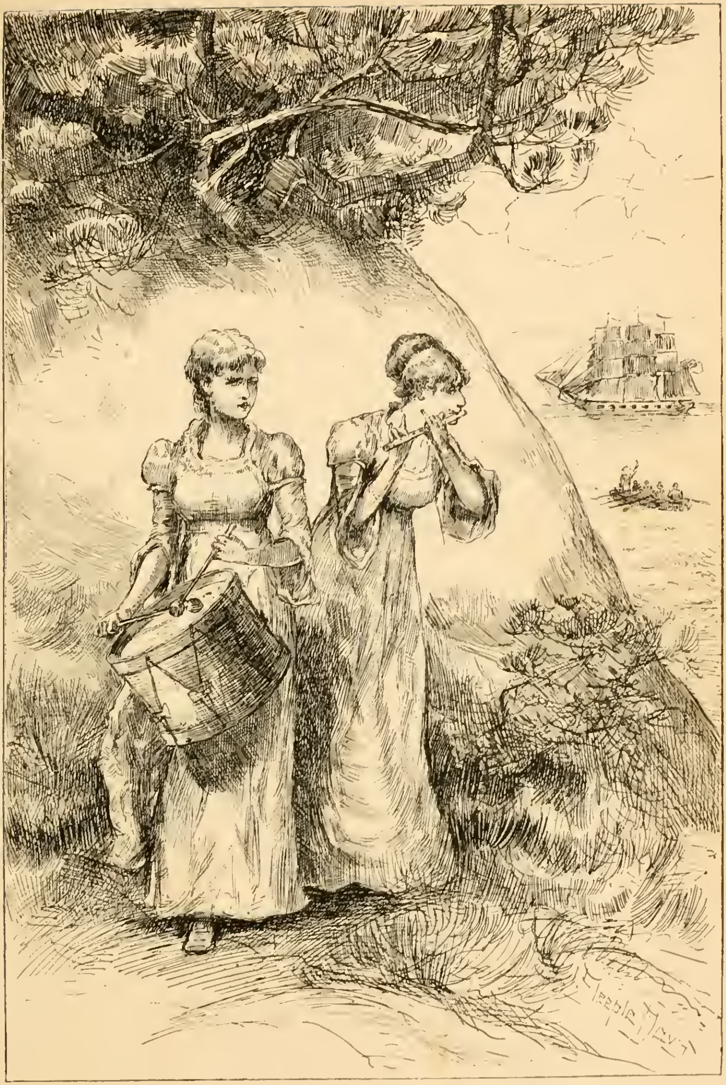
THE WAR OF 1812.

HARDLY had this little war-cloud passed away from the West, when the Government had to turn its attention to its affairs with England.

For some time Great Britain had been at war with France, and the vessels belonging to the United States had carried on most of the trade with Europe. The work was dangerous, for both England and France thus claimed the right to seize American ships as prizes.

In addition to this, England declared her intention of searching all American vessels, and claiming any English seamen that might be found thereon.

This right the United States denied; but England replied by saying that any person born in British dominion never ceased to be a sub-



ABIGAIL AND REBECCA BATES REPULSING THE BRITISH.

ject of Great Britain, and that, in fact, once an Englishman meant an Englishman forever.

And thus, quite disregarding the wishes of America, her officers boarded American vessels, looked over their crews, and seized any individuals whom they were pleased to fancy English, and forced them into service in the English navy.

These insults to the American flag roused such feeling in the United States that the President ordered all English vessels to leave American waters, and this was soon followed by another order forbidding American vessels from leaving port, as it was considered that in the event of war their presence would be needed to defend the coast.

But it was soon found that the latter command interfered very seriously with American commerce, and it was removed, although all intercourse with France and England was strictly forbidden. This state of things made American travel on the ocean most difficult, and almost discouraged foreign trade, for no vessel could leave a port of the United States, bound for any European port, and engaged only on the most peaceful errand, without danger of being hailed by French or English men-of-war, and compelled to fight for its right of way over the seas.

Not content with this, England even went so far as to favor the seizing of American ships as prizes in American waters, and once when a United States frigate hailed a British sloop-of-war off the coast of Virginia, the British commander replied by a cannon-shot.

The American commander at once sent a broadside into the sloop, silencing her guns and killing and wounding many of her crew, and the British officer was then willing enough to return a civil salute to the first peaceful greeting of the Americans; but the circumstance produced great excitement through the country, and as England still refused to abandon her offensive course, war was declared between the two countries, June 19, 1812.

Much of the success of the Revolution was due to the feeling of union that existed between the Colonies. They all felt that what was the wrong of one was the wrong of another, and joined hands heartily and helpfully against the common foe.

But the war of 1812 was from the beginning very unpopular with many of the States, and much opposition was raised against it. Some declared that the French had been as aggressive as the English, and others said that the war was undertaken solely to protect the interests of the merchant class, while the farmers and mechanics and manufacturers would only suffer from it.

But this opposition had little effect upon the Government, and when the struggle actually began, the old feeling of patriotism blazed forth as brightly as ever, and men and money were generously provided, and small attention paid to the grumblers.

At first there seemed small chance of American success. The whole of the West was given up to a combined force of English and their Indian allies, under Tecumseh, without a gun being fired, General Hull, the commanding officer, ordering the white flag raised just as the attack was to be made, although the gunners stood with lighted matches waiting the signal to fire, and the troops with tears in their eyes begged him not to abandon the defence.

Hull surrendered the whole of Michigan, with its garrisons and military stores, without even demanding the honors of war for his own men, and thus the West, at the very beginning of the struggle, passed into the hands of the enemy.

Later on the British obtained command of the Niagara and Lake Ontario, and were thus enabled to command the Canadian frontier, and prevent the Americans from entering British territory.

These losses would have disheartened the Americans had it not been for their brilliant naval victories. The Colonists had proved during the Revolution their ability to storm forts, surprise garrisons, overcome the enemy by strategy, and defeat him in pitched battles; but it was reserved for the American navy in the war of 1812 to show to the world that England, whose flag had hitherto ruled the seas, had at last met a foe as wily, brave, and persistent as she was herself.

The first memorable naval victory was that of the American frigate Constitution, commanded by Captain Hull, over the English ship of war the Guerrière. The Guerrière began the engagement, but Captain Hull refused to fire a gun in return until he had brought his vessel in the position he wanted. He then opened such a destructive fire that in a short time the hull, masts, and rigging of the Guerrière were shattered to pieces, and her deck swept clean.

An officer was sent alongside to demand the surrender of the vessel; but the spirit of the English commander could hardly be brought to consider a defeat possible. He refused to acknowledge his loss until the American threatened to return to the Constitution and sink the Guerrière with a broadside. This brought him to terms, and he and his remaining men surrendered as prisoners of war.

England could not believe that American seamen could gain such victories over her experienced navy, and her men fought with the utmost bravery to sustain their world-wide fame.

At the next engagement of note, which took place off the coast of North Carolina, the British defended their ship so well that when the successful Americans boarded her, her colors were still flying, there being no one left to haul them down, as the man at the helm was the only one who had escaped unharmed.

Success followed success. During the first year of the war three hundred prizes were captured by American vessels, and England began to be alarmed, and had the army been as victorious as the navy, the war would soon have come to an end.

But in spite of the efforts of the Americans, the English still held the West, and it was not until Perry's brilliant naval victory on Lake Erie, September 10, 1813, when the entire British squadron surrendered to him, that affairs on the Canadian border began to look more encouraging.

In this engagement, the flag-ship was engaged at the same time with two of the heaviest vessels of the enemy, Perry remaining on board until he had only eight men left. After helping to fire the last gun, he jumped into a boat, carrying his flag with him, and started for the Niagara. The British turned their guns upon him, but although he was within pistol-shot he passed through safely. Fifteen minutes after he mounted the deck of the Niagara he claimed the victory. Perry was at this time only twenty-seven years of age, and serving in his first naval battle, while the English commander had seen years of service under the celebrated Admiral Nelson.

This victory, together with the battle gained by Harrison over a force of British and Indians on the Canadian frontier, really decided the war. One of Harrison's colonels inflicted a mortal wound on Tecumseh, and with his death the Indian allies fled in confusion, and were never afterward of very great service to the English, who had largely depended upon their aid in carrying on the war in the West, trusting to them to perform those terrible deeds of murder and revenge which, as a civilized nation, they were ashamed of indulging in themselves, the British general offering a reward for every scalp that the Indians brought him, and encouraging the savages in the most brutal acts against the Americans.

In addition to the troubles in the West, and the battles on the lakes and ocean, the people all along the Atlantic coast were likewise called upon to endure the fortunes of war.

Admiral Cockburn, of the British navy, cruised up and down the coast, making sudden descents upon unprotected communities, burning bridges, farm-houses, and villages, and committing other outrages unworthy the name of an English officer. He destroyed crops, burned forests, robbed the Americans of their slaves and money, murdered the sick in their beds, and even plundered the churches of their communion services.

Following this, General Ross marched to Washington, burned the capitol, which was yet unfinished, destroyed the President's mansion and public libraries, and sparing nothing but the Patent Office, and that only because it contained inventions which were of as much use to the rest of the world as to America.

The Secretary of the Navy had ordered the navy-yard to be burned on the approach of the British, and the loss of guns, ships, buildings, arms, and marine stores was enormous. But in spite of these outrages the British regained their ships without trouble, and proceeded on their work of destruction along the coast.

Along the New England coast the inhabitants did not submit so tamely. Several times when the British attempted to land they were beaten back by the militia, and in every case they were so harassed and worried by the inhabitants that they could not repeat the ravages they had committed in the South.

But in spite of the brave defense of the New Englanders, their trade and manufactures suffered severely. The fisheries were almost destroyed, and the salt-works at Cape Cod only escaped upon payment of a heavy ransom. The British kept up a blockade of the entire coast, which resulted in so great an injury to the foreign commerce that the lights in the beacon-houses along shore were allowed to die out, as they only served to guide the enemy in his midnight marauding.

But although it seemed more than once that the English would eventually gain the day, the Americans never gave up hope. The British brought to the conflict men tried in the field and used to the trying emergencies of naval war, while their ships and commanders had names already famous in the world; the Americans, on the other hand, had to depend upon raw recruits, and their navy was poor and insignificant; but the militia did not flinch before the British veterans—the navy was furnished with vessels built from trees that had often been standing in the forest but a few days before an engagement, and their commanders proved by many a glorious victory that England could no longer hold her rulership over the seas. Even in the midst of the gloomiest surroundings the Americans did not lose faith; the "Star-spangled Banner" was written by Francis Key, an American captive on board an English vessel, even while the sound of English guns firing into the harbor of Baltimore was ringing in his ears; and in New England, women and children, forced to flee from the approach of British soldiers, returned afterward to their ruined homes only with fresh determination to resist the invader at every point, and maintain the cause of their country even unto death.

The war went on during the year 1814, the Americans being sometimes successful, and sometimes the English. But the possession of the West and the command of the Canadian frontier, the unexpected success of the navy, and the desertion of the Indian allies, all told to the advantage of the Americans, and toward the close of the year the British Government began to talk seriously of making peace.

The United States were very willing to end the war, for no matter how many victories they might win, their commerce was being destroyed and their trade ruined.

Commissioners were sent from England and the United States to Belgium, to decide upon conditions of peace, and on December 24, 1814, a treaty was agreed upon and signed in the city of Ghent.

But although the chief cause of the war was the disrespect which England had shown the American flag, and her absurd claim to search American vessels for English seamen, not a word of this was mentioned in the treaty, and, as far as the articles of peace were concerned, British men-of-war might still have continued to run down United States war vessels and imprison their crews.

But the United States were no longer afraid of this, and both countries were eager for peace on any terms, and the treaty was signed with the understanding that the causes that led to the war had disappeared forever.

The news of the treaty of Ghent was received with great rejoicing both in England and America. In the United States bells were rung and cannon fired, and the next day after it became known that peace was declared, the docks were full of busy workmen, and the sound of the saw and hammer was ringing through the air, while the long-unused shipping in the New

England ports was decorated with flags and streamers, and the lamps in the light-houses were once more prepared for use.

But news travelled slowly in those days, when the railroad and telegraph were yet unknown, and even after the treaty of Ghent there was a great battle fought in the South, where the tidings of peace had not yet been received.

A force of twelve thousand British undertook the capture of New Orleans, which was defended by General Jackson.

Jackson threw up intrenchments of earth and cotton bales, but the cotton catching fire from the cannon-balls, had to be removed, so that the Americans had for their defence only a bank of earth five feet high and a shallow ditch. The English veterans came on in splendid order, their solid columns never wavering under the artillery fire which was poured into their ranks; but when they came within shot of the Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen—the finest marksmen in the world—their lines were broken. The officers tried to rally them, but without success, and the battle of New Orleans ended with a loss of over two thousand for the British, while the Americans had only seven killed and six wounded.

But the war was over, and the British defeat was lost sight of in the general rejoicing.

The struggle had cost thirty thousand lives and a million of dollars; but it had shown to the world that America was able to battle successfully with the greatest maritime power of modern times, and that she was prepared to enforce that respect for her flag which she considered her due. Besides this, the question of American independence was finally settled, and England gave up forever any hope she might have had that foreign power or domestic quarrel would ever bring back her lost colonies to her crown.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PURCHASE OF FLORIDA.

From the time that De Leon had first wandered through the forests of Florida in search of the fountain of eternal youth, the Spanish crown had looked upon this beautiful country as a lawful possession, claiming that the right of discovery and settlement belonged to Spain alone.

With this thought in mind, the Huguenots on the St. John's were massacred by a Spanish officer, and although this crime met with fearful vengeance at the hands of De Gourgues, the Spaniards, only a few years afterward, had so recovered from this blow that Spanish missions were established all along the Florida coast, and Spanish priests were traversing the forests in the vain attempt to convert the Indians to Christianity.

But the natives of Florida held the Spaniards in hatred and distrust, and but few converts were made.

St. Augustine, however, continued to grow, and although when it was found that Florida did not yield the riches that might be found in New Mexico and on the Spanish Main, few colonists came, yet in twenty years the town boasted several hundred inhabitants, a hall of justice, a church, and a monastery.

But this progress was stopped by the arrival of the English commander Sir Francis Drake, who had been on a freebooting expedition against the Spanish settlements in the West Indies. Drake sailed into the harbor of St. Augustine, and landing at the nearest point planted a cannon and sent a ball flying through the royal standard of Spain that waved over the fort.

The Spaniards, supposing that the whole English force was about to attack them, left the fort in the night, and the next day Drake pillaged and burned the town, capturing treasure to the amount of ten thousand dollars. He then sailed away again, and the Spanish governor returned to St. Augustine and began rebuilding the city. But although more missionaries were sent from Spain, and many efforts were made to help the new colony in her struggle for life, nearly a hundred years passed before St. Augustine had grown to be a town of three hundred people. For another hundred years the Spanish settlements in Florida were harassed by the Indians at home and the English settlers from farther up the coast, and the English freebooters, who were liable at any time to descend upon the Spaniards with fire and sword.

The Spaniards retaliated by entering English settlements, burning and pillaging, and inciting the Indians against their foes, and as there was constant trouble between Spain and England, their colonies in America thought they could only be patriotic by keeping the quarrel up as long as possible.

At length regular war was declared between the English settlers in Georgia and the Spanish in Florida, and a large English force was despatched to attack St. Augustine by sea and land. And although this expedition was unsuccessful, yet, when a year later the Spanish fleet appeared off the Georgia coast, the English were able by threats and intrigues to so discourage the commander that he made no attack, and the entire force retired to Cuba and St. Augustine. After this St. Augustine was captured by the English colonists, and finally, in 1763, by a treaty made at Paris between Spain and England, Florida was ceded to Great Britain, and became an English colony.

At this time the city of St. Augustine contained about three thousand inhabitants. It was about three-quarters of a mile in length and a quarter of a mile in width, and was surrounded with fortifications. The houses were built of stone, and their entrances shaded by piazzas resting upon rows of graceful pillars. Before the entrances were arbors covered with vines which bore quantities of luscious grapes, and the gardens were stocked with fruit-trees, figs, guavas, plantains, pomegranates, lemons, limes, citrons, and oranges, as well as the hardier fruits of the North, growing in the greatest abundance.

There were four churches, and the governor's residence was a very fine and imposing building.

At the north end of the town was the castle, over which the flag of Spain had floated for one hundred and ninety years ; it was built of quarried stone, and afforded a strong position for a besieged garrison.

In the cool season all the houses were warmed by stone urns filled with hot coals, chimneys and fireplaces being unknown.

The climate was mild and the city healthful, being kept free from disease by the pure sea-breezes which swept in from the bay, while the surrounding country, with its vineyards, orchards, and groves, and its fields of sugar-cane, cotton, rice, and indigo, formed a source of wealth and commerce which made the situation of the city upon such a safe and convenient harbor a matter of great gain.

The Spanish inhabitants of St. Augustine were indignant when they received the news of the treaty of Paris. They considered that their rights had been slighted by the Spanish crown, and refused to look upon the English as anything but enemies. Preparations were at once made for a general departure to Havana and the West Indies and Mexico.

So bitter was the feeling against the English that the governor of the city destroyed his beautiful garden before going away, and had it not been for the ceaseless efforts of the commanding officer not a house or building would have been left standing in St. Augustine. It is said that only five Spaniards remained in the city after its occupation by the English.

The government of Great Britain at once made generous offers to emigrants who would go to Florida, and the new colony soon became very prosperous.

During the American Revolution there was constant trouble between the loyalists of Florida and the patriots of the southern colonies, and as there was war in Europe at the same time between France and Spain on one side, and England on the other, it was for many years undecided what would finally become of the British colonies in America.

But the treaty of Paris, in 1783, by which the independence of the United States was acknowledged, also brought the troubles in Europe to an end. By this treaty Great Britain restored Florida to Spain, receiving in return the Bahama Islands, which have since become so important to the English crown.

During the English occupation Florida had grown wealthy and prosperous, and the English inhabitants were very unwilling to give up the pleasant homes which they had striven so hard to gain. But their wishes were not considered, and as the new Spanish governor only allowed them a few weeks for their departure, there was no time for regret.

Just as their government had driven the Acadians from their lands, and forced them to seek homes among strangers, so now the English in Florida were obliged to leave their comfortable homes, in the midst of their sugar plantations and groves of oranges, lemons, figs, and pineapples, and look for new dwelling-places. Some of them went to the Bahamas, and some sought new homes among the Americans in

Georgia, who were willing to forget old differences, and stretch out helping hands to the homeless outcasts. And with this act of injustice Spanish rule was again inaugurated in Florida.

But the following years proved that a Spanish colony on the Atlantic coast was a very bad thing for all parties concerned. From the beginning of slavery runaway negroes had looked upon the Everglades of Florida as a place of refuge, where they would be secure from their masters' blood-hounds, and sure of a welcome from the sympathizing Indians.

Marriages had taken place between the two races, and the Seminoles of Florida and the negroes of Georgia and the Carolinas were bound together by the closest ties.

Every year larger numbers of slaves tried to escape from bondage, and enjoy the wild, free life of the Florida forests, and with each new loss the plantation-owners vowed that they would stand it no longer.

From time to time large parties of whites were organized to hunt runaway slaves, and every Indian outrage was looked upon as a fresh reason for scouring Florida from ocean to Gulf in search of fugitive negroes.

The Indians, keeping in mind the treatment that they themselves had received from the whites, were loyal to the poor runaways, refusing to give intelligence of their whereabouts, and always helping to defend their hiding-places with their lives.

The swamps and morasses of Florida furnished the safest retreat that the slave was ever able to find.

The blood-hound lost the scent when the pursuit led across water, and no white man knew the clue by which the flying negro was able to thread the impenetrable jungle, and find his dwelling in the dark thickets of the Everglades.

Sometimes for weeks the slave would lie hidden in the tangled underbrush of some little island, depending for food upon the brave efforts of the kindly Indians, who would creep through the forest in the darkness, while the pursuers lay watching a little way off, quite unconscious that their prey was so near them; and often what the white man mistook for the moss-hung, waving branches of the cypress, would be the shadow of the avenging warrior with his arrow aimed at the heart of the hated man-hunter.

And then too, the Indians never lost a chance to retaliate for the wrongs they had received from the whites, and thus the settlers were never free from the hostility of their Spanish and Indian neighbors.

When war again broke out between the United States and Great Britain, Florida was the scene of a fierce border warfare, carried on by the Indians, who were furnished with arms, and in some instances led, by English officers. In this war Spain professed to be neutral, but it was well known that the Spaniards of Florida were in sympathy with the English, and allowed forts to be built and garrisoned by English soldiers, assisted by Indians and runaway slaves.

The United States considered that Spain was responsible for the bad faith of her colony in allowing English forts to be built on Spanish soil, and they did not hesitate to carry the war into Florida.

But even after the treaty of Ghent the Americans still thought they had good cause for complaint against Spain, as Florida remained a refuge for the runaway slaves, and the Indians continued to commit outrages against the whites.

American troops were sent again and again against the Seminoles, who would not break friendship with the negroes, and massacres and pillaging became more and more frequent.

South Carolina and Georgia, which suffered more than the other States from the loss of slaves, urged the Government to subdue the Seminoles, and make them return the runaway negroes; and as the plantation-owners kept complaining bitterly against losing their property, and claimed that America would not really be a free country unless they were allowed to keep their slaves, the United States at last entered upon open war with Spain, by invading Florida and besieging all forts and villages where Seminoles and negroes were collected.

The chief American officer in this invasion was General Jackson, who would have liked nothing better than to take Florida at the point of the sword and hand it over to the United States, for as time passed, and the trouble only increased, it came to be generally believed that the only way to settle the difficulty would be to add Florida to the American Union.

Jackson marched through the peninsula with fire and sword, doing many things that were not approved of by the United States Government, and carrying terror and dismay into the hearts of the enemy. He hauled down the Spanish flags and raised the stars and stripes above the forts, captured and hanged two of the principal Seminole chiefs, court-martialled and shot some English subjects, and declared that if his Government would only give him permission, he would rob Spain of Florida in sixty days.

The United States were in a fair way of becoming involved in a war not only with Spain, but with England also, and it became evident that a peace must be determined upon.

Spain was not unwilling to get rid of a colony that had always been a source of trouble and expense, and, after some months of negotiation, it was agreed in February, 1819, that Florida should be ceded to the United States for the sum of five million dollars.

By this treaty the southwestern boundary of the United States was clearly defined. Before this there had been a misunderstanding as to what territory should be included within the limits of Louisiana, but it was agreed by the purchase of Florida that the United States should be bounded on the south and west by the Sabine and Red Rivers, and the head-waters of the Arkansas and Platte, including on the Pacific Coast what is now known as Oregon and Washington.

Thus in less than forty years the American Republic had extended her possessions to the Gulf and the Pacific, and exceeded in territory some of the mightiest nations of Europe; while France and Spain, that had once considered the New World as belonging entirely to themselves, now saw its fairest portion in the hands of the race that had come to it, not for conquest or gold or glory, but for the sake of the freedom that was denied at home, and that brought with it that spirit of liberty and justice which alone can enable a nation to build wisely and nobly.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STORY OF SLAVERY.

In the year 1619, in the month of August, a Dutch trading vessel entered the James River and sailed up the stream to Jamestown. On either side the river stretched fair meadows and green trees, and the whole land was beautiful with summer, but to the eyes that looked wearily out from the port-holes of the ship, the place only seemed dreary and desolate, a land of exile and death.

The vessel had been sailing the Atlantic for months, carrying on board a band of prisoners kidnapped on the coast of Africa; and as she came to in the harbor of Jamestown, and the dark captives were ordered up on deck, their looks showed their weary confinement, and their eyes were dull with despair. But the captain cared little for their looks or feelings;

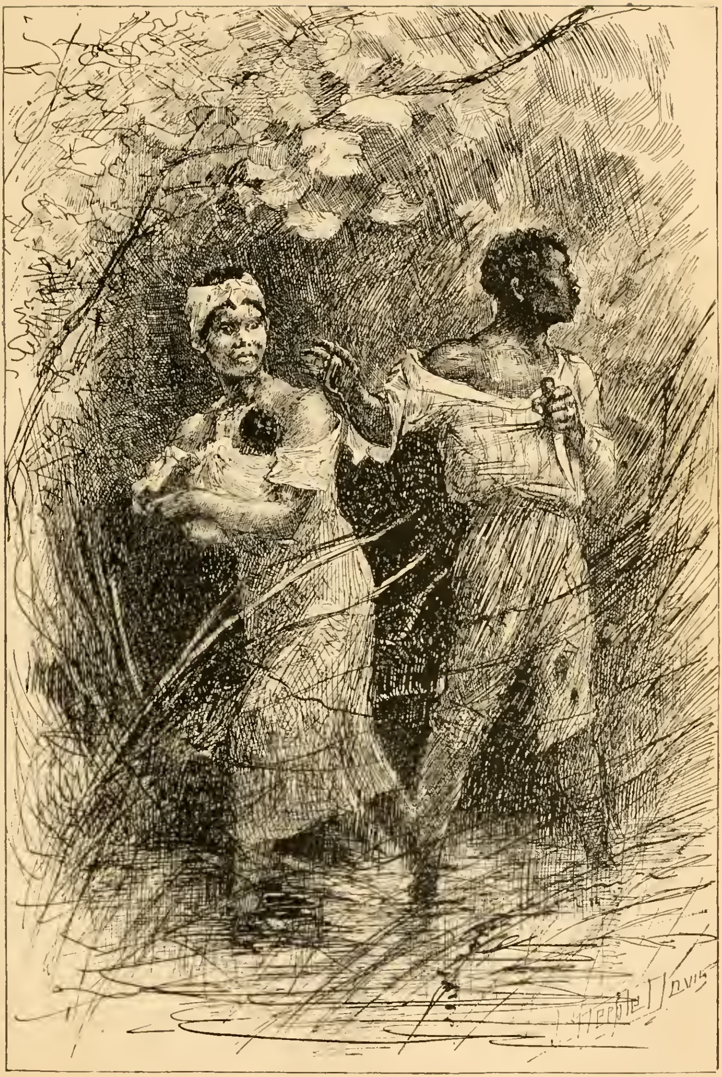
he had bought them for gold, and was only desirous of getting his money back and as much more as possible.

So the Africans were landed and offered for sale. They had been stolen from their homes, carried like dumb beasts across the Atlantic, and were now to pass into life-long bondage, all because the white man chose to use his greater intelligence to oppress instead of befriend them.

The Virginia planters had hitherto depended for servants upon English and German emigrants, who sold themselves for a certain length of time—for so many months or years—receiving in return a specified sum of money.

But it seemed a much easier plan to buy these poor negroes once for all, and the little band of twenty was soon disposed of, passing into the hands of the highest bidders.

Fifty years before the discovery of America, African slavery had been introduced into Europe by Spanish and Portuguese navigators. So that at the time of the landing of the first slaves at Jamestown, Africa had been for nearly



FUGITIVE SLAVES.

two hundred years the great hunting-ground where the white races tracked down and mercilessly captured the ignorant and despised negroes.

Dreadful tales of outrage and cruelty were told from time to time in Europe in connection with these degrading slave-hunts, but except among a few people, little heed was given to them.

The slave-trade flourished, kings and queens and statesmen giving it their support, and when it was found that the English colonies in America would pay good prices for these poor creatures, great companies were formed to carry on the business of slave-stealing and slave-selling, and strict laws were passed for the protection of the men engaged in this inhuman traffic.

The Royal African Company of Great Britain was one of the most powerful agents for supplying America with slaves, the British Government protecting the company with all its great power, and the queen herself owning one-fourth of the stock.

For more than a century slaves were brought by hundreds to the Southern colonies, the number at last amounting to more than three hundred thousand. And when the colonists became alarmed at such an increase of negro population, and wished to impose a tax on the importation of slaves, the British Government refused to allow it, and threatened to remove the colonial governors if they did not uphold slavery.

And so, under the protection of a great nation that called itself Christian and humane, the slave-trade increased from year to year, and the Royal African Company grew rich with the profits that came to it from selling human beings into a bondage more cruel than any the world had ever yet seen.

Ship after ship crossed the Atlantic, carrying cargoes of the miserable Africans who had been stolen from their homes, and all through the South the work was done entirely by these negroes, who for their long days of toil reaped no reward other than the food and clothing which the master gave, only because without them his black bondsmen would have been useless to him.

For any need of the slave, outside his daily allowance of bread, the master had no ear to hear, and the cruelties of the African slave-hunt were too often repeated on the plantations of the Southern colonists.

In Africa white men often witnessed scenes of the utmost brutality without raising a hand against it. The whole interior of the continent was given up to slave-hunting, the stronger and more intelligent tribes becoming slave-hunters, and warring upon weaker tribes for the sole purpose of making captives and selling them to the bands living along the coast, who, in turn, disposed of them to the British and other governments, or sometimes to private individuals who carried on the slave-trade secretly.

These constant wars kept the whole country in a state of bloodshed, and sometimes entire tribes were destroyed in fighting for their homes. No matter how peaceable a tribe might be, it was driven to be constantly prepared for war, and on the watch for the foe, who might come upon them at any moment to bear their wives and children off to captivity and death.

For the poor captives were so cruelly treated as they were carried off to the sea-shore that many of them died on the way, and the roads between the different slave-stations along which the great caravans of slaves passed were always easily distinguishable by the bones of the unfortunate victims lying in heaps by the wayside.

No man was safe half a mile from his home, for the man-stealers lay ever in wait to catch the unwary negro, and bear him across the ocean.

In the great hunts that were held regularly, whole families and tribes were captured, and marched down in gangs to the sea, where they were driven on board the vessels with small regard to their relationship, fathers, mothers and children being separated from one another, and sent to places so far apart that they never saw one another again. For from Maine to Mexico the slave could find a market, and through the length and breadth of the English colonies in

America might be seen the picture of the despised African wearily bending to a toil made unendurable by the overseer's lash, and the thought that any day or hour might separate him forever from those he held dearest on earth.

But although slavery was allowed all over the colonies, it never was carried on to any great extent in New England or the Middle States. This was chiefly owing to the fact that slave-labor was more valuable on the Southern plantations than anywhere else.

The North owed its wealth to its manufactures, fishing-trade, and commerce, all of which needed intelligent and skilled workmen; but on the great plantations in the South, where rice, tobacco, cotton, and sugar were raised in such quantities as to command the trade of the world, slave-labor could be better used than any other.

The climate of the South, especially of Louisiana and the Gulf States, was such that it was almost an impossibility for the white man to work in the fields, and therefore, if the soil was to be cultivated, it must be done by the negroes, who were better able to stand the scorching suns and withering heats and unwholesome miasmas of a tropical region.

For this reason the growth of the South depended largely upon the number and intelligence of the slaves, and a man's wealth was reckoned as much by the negroes he owned as by his rice-fields or cotton-plantations.

Great attention was paid to the raising of strong, healthy negroes, as these always brought a better price in market; and as the years passed, it was found that America produced so many slaves of her own, and public opinion grew so strong against importing negroes, that the foreign slave-trade ceased except where it was carried on by smuggling. But slaves were still bought and sold in America, going from plantation to plantation, village to village, and State to State, never a day passing that did not see, somewhere, families broken up and friends separated forever.

The new generations of slaves that grew up on the plantations knew of no other life, and in many cases were merry and contented, fearing nothing but the overseer's lash and the auction-block; and as it often happened that the master treated his negroes kindly, and allowed the members of a family to remain together, the lively song and happy laugh might be heard in the fields from morning till night, and the plantations seem abodes of peace and happiness.

But in most places this was far different. The older slaves remembered dimly the stories of their youth and of the days when their race was free and independent, owning authority to no man. And they recalled the descriptions they had so often listened to of the greatness of some ancestor who had been torn from his principality in Africa, where he was king over tribes, and lands, and cattle, and brought to America and sold like a dog or horse from man to man, until his spirit had broken and he had died of homesickness and longing.

And then, too, there were yet darker stories of life in America. Of cruel beatings, of brandings with hot irons, of helpless women and children lashed together and driven foot-sore over miles of country, while the whip flew over their naked flesh if they lagged behind; and other acts so brutal, so cowardly, so unworthy a civilized land, that they cannot be even mentioned.

The slaves were beaten like dogs, sold like cattle, and treated in all respects like brutes by the very class that boasted itself as the chivalry of America.

And all this time America was growing rich and great, and the Declaration of Independence had asserted that all men were created free and equal. And when a few great men wished to claim from this, freedom for the slave, it was replied that slaves were not men, and in some States, in reckoning the population, three slaves were counted as one white man.

Three of America's greatest men, Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson, denounced slavery, and held it to be the blackest of crimes, and as time went on the people of the North grew to dislike it more and more, and gradually it came to be abolished in the Middle States and New England, and societies were formed and petitions offered for its suppression.

And thus the slave came to look upon the North as a land of freedom, and all through the Northern States there grew up a generation hating slavery, and the disgrace that it brought upon their country.

But among the Southern States slavery was still looked upon as the source of all their wealth, and the slave-owners fiercely resented any opposition to it.

They kept the negroes in the greatest ignorance, making it a crime for any one to teach them to read and write; they hired preachers who quoted Scripture to prove that slavery was of divine origin, and they boasted that the slaves were much better off and far happier than they would be free. They even said that the negro was incapable of feeling, and judging what was right or wrong, and that if freedom were offered him he would not understand what it meant; but as at the same time the plantation-owners dreaded nothing so much as a negro insurrection, and kept blood-hounds always trained to scent runaway slaves, their talk amounted to very little, and it was evident that they feared the vengeance of the oppressed race and the loss of their property only too much.

But the Africans are a race unrevengeful and slow to anger, and for centuries they endured wrongs that would have driven any other people to the deadliest revenge. A master who treated them in any way kindly was sure of their affection and gratitude, and such was their tenderness and loyalty toward those owners who had shown them kindness, that if misfortune came, the slave was often found among the master's firmest friends.

Ignorant and degraded by life-long cruelties the master's word was their only law, and they gave him faithful and often loving service for the poor food and scanty clothing that were their only reward.

But among this oppressed nation there were some men more serious and thoughtful than the rest, and they studied over the wrongs of their people, and measured the master's words by the acts that followed, and saw much that might have puzzled wiser heads than theirs. They, too, listened to the eloquent preacher who tried so hard to convince them that slavery was ordained by God, and that the negro on the Southern plantation was far happier than the poor white man toiling for his daily bread up among the New England hills.

But when the meeting was over, and preacher and people were met at the door by a procession of sad-faced men and women, bareheaded, half-clothed, without shoes and stockings, chained together by an ox-chain, and followed by a man with pistols in his belt, and a whip in his hand, then it seemed that the words they had been listening to were false instead of true, and that it was never meant that men and women should be driven in chains like wild beasts.

In every city and village of the South such scenes were common, and often others far worse shocked the eye of the humane spectator. Carts passed along the highways filled with half-naked children, while women and girls followed behind with the blood streaming from the lashes they had received when weariness made them drop down by the way-side. And in the great slave depots, where large and regular sales were held, the thumb-screws, gags, chains, and whips, which covered the walls, all told what means were used to keep the helpless victim in subjection.

But in spite of these inhuman cruelties, the slave seldom attempted revenge. And that the master was constantly dreading this, and gave it as his excuse for keeping the negro in ignorance, shows that his conscience was far from easy, and that he well knew that his treatment of the slave was unworthy of one who possessed any feelings of humanity.

All during the days of slavery the plantation owners were in constant dread of an uprising among the blacks, knowing well if it ever came that the wrongs that called for vengeance were many and deep. And they particularly dreaded the presence of the few colored men who had learned to read and write, and were capable of gaining their own opinions from the words of the Bible, and the Declaration of Independence, and the books and newspapers that might fall into their hands.

And they could do nothing to make the slave believe that slavery was the best thing for him. In spite of kindness or unkindness, presents or blows, kicks, cuffs, whippings, and frequent murders, the negroes still returned to their songs of the good days that were coming, and chanted the old refrains, which were a mixture of Bible-songs of deliverance and their own half-heathen melodies, and looked forward to the days when a free country would mean freedom for the black man as well as for the white.

And as the number of slaves increased, and each generation gained in intelligence, the love of freedom grew stronger. After slavery had ceased in the North, runaway slaves became more and more an object of interest to the slave-holding States and the free States alike.

The South bitterly denounced the North for receiving and harboring fugitive negroes, but so great was the sympathy felt for these unfortunates in the free States, that many men and women devoted their fortunes and lives to help them escape to New England and Canada. In

Pennsylvania the Quakers were long known as the staunchest friends of the slaves, and many a poor negro flying from his master's bloodhounds was helped on his way by these same kindly folk who were scattered through Maryland and Virginia, and gladly lent their aid in sending him on to friends in Pennsylvania.

Sometimes it happened that an escaped slave would be able, after years of labor, to save enough to buy his wife and children from their master, and then the reunited family would live happily together in the North. And once in a while a kind master would liberate a favorite slave, or leave him his freedom in his will, and then as the slaves were often intelligent and very useful on the plantations, the freedman would earn good wages and be able to buy his family's freedom before starting for the North.

But not every runaway slave was able to reach the land of his desire. Many and many a one was tracked by blood-hounds to his hiding-place in some marsh or swamp, and brought forth to die a horrible death, or have his body mutilated with the most fearful tortures.

But this did not keep back others when their opportunity came, and so many slaves kept escaping to the Everglades of Florida, and the swamps of Virginia, and the hills of New England, that the plantation owners continually suffered heavy losses, and began to hate the North for helping the runaway slaves, and to devise means of making slavery a greater power than ever.

But the people of the North had long since risen to the height of declaring that a man was a man, black or white, and that to degrade him to the level of a beast was uncivilized and unchristian.

And as the West grew up, and new States and Territories were made, the question of slavery was always the most important one discussed.

The purchase of Louisiana and Florida had given an enormous increase of power to the slave States, and as the population of the South increased, the Northern States saw that if slavery was allowed to extend much farther, all the affairs of the Government would fall into the hands of the slave-owners, and the laws of the land be made by them with small regard to what the people of the North might wish.

And so with the admission of nearly every new State fierce struggles took place as to whether slavery should be allowed in its borders.

This feeling between the North and the South was at its height when the territory of Missouri applied for admission into the Union. This territory was a part of the Louisiana purchase, and the Southern States had no intention of allowing it to enter the Union as a free State.

But the Northern States, on the contrary, felt that they had too long submitted to the South in its demand for the increase of slavery, and they decided that the time had come when this important question should be settled.

Never before had there been such excitement produced by the application of a State for admission into the Union.

All over the North public meetings were held, and petitions were sent to Congress, and all the great Northern statesmen united to put an end to any further extension of slavery.

Many slave-owners in the South had often said that they did not approve of slavery, and regretted that their forefathers had ever founded such an institution; and they were now reminded by the people of the North that the time had come when they might show their dislike to the system by helping to prevent its further growth.

But it was soon found that those who professed to dislike it were as eager as the others to have Missouri a slave State, and the South threatened the most fearful consequences—bloodshed and war, and the breaking up of the Union—if Missouri was admitted as a free State.

But the North stood firm, and professed its willingness to endure all consequences that might follow, and as the South was equally firm, it was found that the only way that the question could be settled would be by each side yielding a little to the other, for the North found it was not strong enough to force the

South, and the South discovered that although its influence had hitherto been so powerful that it had done as it pleased in every question with regard to slavery, yet now it had reached its limit, and the North would no longer submit tamely to any laws the slave-holders might choose to enact.

A compromise was therefore effected between the two parties; and although Missouri was admitted as a slave State, it was solemnly agreed that slavery should never be allowed in any other State west of the Mississippi or north of the southern boundary of Missouri.

This act was called the Missouri Compromise, and by it both sides claimed a victory.

Missouri was indeed a slave State, but, on the other hand, slavery had received the deadliest blow that had ever yet been dealt it.

The bill passed in 1820, and Missouri came into the Union the next year.

But the question of slavery was not to be settled for many a long year to come.

CHAPTER X.

THE STORY OF THE RAILROAD.

When the ancient tribes of Asia used to move from place to place in search of pasture and wells of water for their flocks, their travelling was done for the most part on foot, only the women and children, as a general thing, being allowed to ride on the backs of the camels or horses; and in those days a journey was a thing of great importance, and the preparations for it often extended through many months.

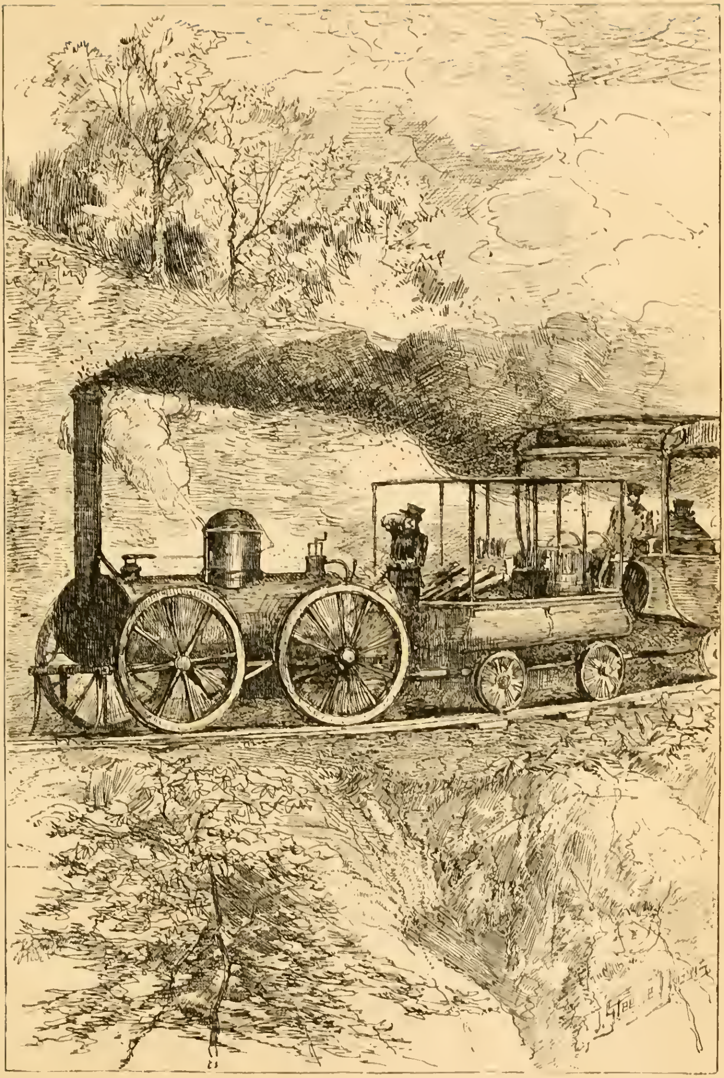
The time of the year, the condition of the cattle, the presence of robber bands ready to plunder the moving tribe, all had to be considered; and when at last all was ready, and the caravan fairly on its way, its movements were as leisurely and calm as if the journey was to take a whole lifetime and there was no need for anyone to hurry.

Later on, when the different peoples of the earth had gathered themselves into villages and cities and nations, and had learned to regard one another with feelings of friendship or enmity, as the case might be, the necessity for easy and safe modes of travelling became very great.

Trade was established between friendly nations, and war was constantly being waged between nations hostile to each other, and from both these reasons travelling grew into an art, and was considered as much a part of civilized life as anything else could be.

In the valleys and plains of Asia, where trade was carried on chiefly by means of the great rivers and canals, the cities held easy communication with one another and with the cities of the coast, and the purple cloth of Tyre found its way into kings' houses afar off, and the giant cedars of Lebanon floated down the widening tides to form pillars and thrones in the royal palaces of alien people.

But as empires grew, and the earth became filled with inhabitants, and the knowledge of



AN EARLY RAILROAD.

distant countries became more common, when man had outgrown the simple needs of the early races, and had learned to clothe himself in costly garments and surround himself with beauty and luxury of every kind, then the whole earth seemed to him only large enough to supply his wants.

He must have silken robes from China, costly perfumes from Arabia, pearls from the sea, gold and diamonds from India, luxurious rugs from Persia, ivory from Africa, and fair-haired slaves from the barbarous tribes of the West.

Every great empire built expensive roads, which met those of other empires, and rivers were bridged, valleys filled, hills levelled, mountains tunnelled, and deserts crossed, to bring to kings and nobles the luxuries they found it impossible to do without.

Various ways of travelling found favor with the different merchants and traders who made up the great caravans that constantly moved from country to country; but, excepting the journeys by water, all travel was performed on foot or on the back of some animal, and for thousands of years this was the only way in which man journeyed from place to place.

If he wished to imagine any faster mode of travel, he would speak of the early days of his race, when kind genii or the friendly wings of the roc would bear man swiftly through the clouds to his desired haven; but, excepting these fables and the half-believed stories of the winged beings of old, mankind had no idea of any other means of travel than had been his from the earliest ages.

Camels, elephants, and horses still continued to carry travellers across mountains and deserts, and vessels with gilded prows and silken sails still carried kings on their journeys on the water, long after the world had far advanced in learning and art of every kind.

The great empires of antiquity gave place to greater ones, barbarous tribes became civilized and were incorporated into mighty kingdoms, the ocean was crossed, America discovered and settled, and the United States formed into a nation, while the world still kept to the simplest modes of travelling, and seemed to think that anything better was impossible, and was quite ready to laugh at any visionary inventor who undertook to show that people might be carried from place to place faster than a horse could run.

But the discovery that steam might be used as a means of moving machinery changed the ideas of man entirely, and made all kinds of unheard-of things seem at once possible. The steamboat was invented, and completely revolutionized ocean and river travel, and less than twenty years later an event occurred in England of even greater importance. This was the formal opening of the Manchester and Liverpool railroad, which took place September 15, 1830.

The inventor of the locomotive, a Northumbrian coal-digger by the name of George Stephenson, had very early in life given signs of his great inventive genius. Through years of poverty and hardship, and disappointment of every kind, he slowly made a name for himself as one who would be likely to claim great honor for some wonderful invention. But this faith in his powers was not shared by those who would have been able to help him with money and influence, and for years he had to struggle amid the disheartening surroundings of poverty and obscurity.

But at last, with his heart full of hope and his brain full of a great plan, he appeared before the House of Commons, and proposed to build a railroad from Manchester to Liverpool.

The members of Parliament were wise in their own way, and considered themselves well qualified to judge of the merit of Stephenson's plans; but, like many other wise men before and since, they thought that the world was doing well enough without troubling themselves with new inventions. Old ways seemed to them best, as they certainly were easiest, and they listened to the young engineer with little interest and no faith whatever.

They thought it very presumptuous in Stephenson to put his wisdom before that of the law-makers of the British nation, and, after a few questions which he could not answer (for, unlike them, he knew a great deal more than he was able to express in words), they dismissed him as an idle dreamer, and took great comfort in the thought that the road from Manchester to Liverpool would still be traversed by the respectable stage-coach of their great-grandfathers, and that they would never more be bothered by visionary inventors with plans for whisking people from place to place at a rate that was undignified as well as perilous.

But Stephenson was not to be discouraged by any number of wise members of Parliament.

When they had asked him how he would tunnel through rock, build embankments, and cross miles of bottomless swamp, he had answered: "I can't tell you *how* I'll do it, but I can tell you I *will* do it." And his faith in himself never faltered, though his inability to explain his plans lost him the most powerful influence he could have had.

But the merchants of Liverpool saw at once what great gain such a road as Stephenson's would be to their trade, and that the success of even a small road would lead to the building of railroads all over the world, and thus immensely increase commerce and their chance of wealth.

They listened with the utmost respect to this quiet man whose plans seemed to have so much of the marvellous in them, and in the end subscribed money for building the road.

In December, 1826, the first spade was stuck into the ground, and from that time work went steadily on. Stephenson had none of the appliances of modern engineers for blasting rocks, boring tunnels, constructing bridges, and sinking piles into marshy ground; but he persevered, and found a way to overcome all difficulties, and in four years the road was completed.

Although a trial trip was made in August, the public opening of the road did not take place until September.

The Duke of Wellington, who was then Prime Minister, and several of the nobility, with about nine hundred other guests, were invited to take part in the ceremony, and so intense was the excitement in Manchester and Liverpool and the towns along the route that fears of a riot were entertained. For the laboring classes of

England hated new ideas almost as much as the learned members of Parliament, and this strange and unlawful use of steam seemed to them only the beginning of the worst evils that could befall their class.

In the manufacturing districts the poor were already suffering from want of work and the scantiest wages, and they supposed that every new invention which enabled work to be performed by machinery, instead of by men's hands, could only lead to greater distress and more cruel injustice.

And so from the beginning the railroad had to fight its way among enemies of all kinds; among the rich, who cared little for benefiting the race so long as they themselves were comfortable, and among the poor, who, misunderstanding its purpose, would gladly have torn the rails from their places and smashed the engines into fragments, if the fear of the law had not restrained them.

The Duke of Wellington was extremely unpopular with the laboring classes, owing to his unwillingness to listen to any suggestions of reform, and it was feared that his presence among the guests would incite the mob to open violence. But the directors of the road kept these fears to themselves, and nothing but holiday gayety appeared in their faces.

The success of the undertaking was already assured, and now they were to have their day of triumph, and prove to the world that their faith in Stephenson was to bring them rich rewards.

Early in the morning Liverpool was filled with strangers from all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, who had been pouring in all the week to witness the grand ceremony. All the inns were overflowing with guests, and carriages stood in the streets all night for want of room in the stable-yards. From outside the town the elegant equipages of the nobility and higher classes came in, filled with beautifully dressed ladies, and by ten o'clock the streets were thronged.

The railroad company had provided eight locomotives and thirty-three carriages for the accommodation of their guests, and as the train moved out from the depôt, filled with elegantly dressed people and decorated with silk flags of various colors, and with the military bands playing the national airs, the effect was most inspiring.

The salute of the cannon, and the cheers of the immense multitudes on the banks on either side of the station, told the whole city that the train had started, and as the procession moved out with a speed that had never before been reached, the spectators were lost in admiration over the novel sight. All along the route the fields were filled with carriages and vehicles of every description, containing thousands of interested lookers-on, whose wonder was echoed by the foot-passengers who lined the woods for miles.

To the guests on the train the sensation of being carried through the air at such a rate was both novel and pleasant, and they said that it seemed as if they were flying. The fact that the road had been, as far as possible, laid on a level afforded another new experience. It seemed so strange to pass through hills and cross ravines, and to fly swiftly over streams, and to gaze down like the birds of the air upon the wide fields, fertile valleys, shining expanses of marsh and meadow, and glittering rivers upon which the vessels were resting quietly so that their crews might have a chance to look up and view the gorgeous pageant that was passing through the air high above the mast-heads.

As the train approached Manchester the excitement increased. The way was lined for six miles with thousands of people; house-tops, carriages, booths, bridges, and trees, all thronging with the eager multitude. The laboring classes had not neglected to show their disapproval of the road, and all along the route placards bearing mottoes of a threatening character were displayed. Weavers brought their looms close to the road-side, appealing by their wretched, half-starved figures to the humanity of the crowd, while through the cheering were distinctly heard the hisses and hootings of the mechanics, who only saw in the grand parade coming trouble and sorrow for their order.

Manchester was reached at three o'clock, some delay having been caused by an accident to one of the members of the party, and after an elegant collation the company returned to Liverpool. And in this splendid fashion the system of travelling by rail was inaugurated in England.

In America the first attempts were made on a much smaller scale. The credit of the first American railway is given generally to the little road that was built in 1826 at Quincy, Mass.; but as this was only a road of three miles length, and the cars were drawn by horses, it can scarcely be called a railway at all.

One of the first American railroads of any importance was opened at Charleston, S. C., in January, 1831. The locomotive, which was named the *Best Friend*, was a very curious affair. The formal opening of the road was made a time of rejoicing, and the stockholders and their friends enjoyed the first trip quite as much as had their English brethren, although the day was cold and cloudy and the carriages anything but comfortable.

But soon after this an accident happened to the *Best Friend* which threw a cloud over joys of railroad travelling.

The fireman was a negro, and was much annoyed by the hissing of the steam as it escaped from the safety-valve, and in the absence of the engineer he resolved to remove the nuisance. He therefore fastened down the valve so that the steam could no longer escape, and then, to make things doubly sure, sat down on it himself.

The results which followed gave such a shock to the public faith in railroad travelling that the next locomotive that was put in use was separated from the passenger-carriages by a "barrier-car," filled with bales of cotton, and the passengers were assured that no one would be allowed to touch the safety-valve but the engineer himself.

But accidents and discouragements could not prevent the building of railroads when once the idea had been firmly fixed in men's heads, and the new system found favor everywhere, and railroads sprung up in all directions.

At first the speed reached was not nearly great as in England, a trial trip between the Baltimore & Ohio and a horse, on August 28, 1830, resulting in favor of the horse, which came in as winner of the race; but, notwithstanding this victory, the locomotive gained ground steadily, and won its way with all classes, and in August, 1831, a trip was made from Albany to Schenectady in less than an hour, showing that it only needed time to bring this wonderful machine to move at an almost marvellous rate of speed. This trip over the Mohawk Valley road was made the occasion of considerable display. The engineer wore a dress-coat, and some of the most distinguished persons of the day were invited. The carriages consisted of the bodies of stage-coaches placed upon trucks, and the conductor, after having collected the tickets by passing from platform to platform outside the cars, mounted on a little seat on the tender, and blew some musical notes on a tin horn to signify that all was ready.

The locomotive started; but the coaches were joined together by slack chains, and jerk after jerk startled the expectant passengers, in many cases sending them flying from their seats. And even when quiet was restored, it did not last long; for, as the fuel consisted of dry pitch-pine, and the locomotive was not furnished with anything to catch the sparks, a quantity of smoke, sparks, and cinders kept constantly pouring out, and, streaming back over the train, causing such discomfort to the outside passengers that they had to raise their umbrellas. This only added to the confusion, for in a short time the umbrellas caught fire and had to be thrown overboard, while the unlucky owners had to dance frantically around on the tops of the coaches and whip one another with handkerchiefs, hats, and canes to put out the fire.

At the first station some fence-rails were braced between the coaches, preventing the uncomfortable jerking, and with this improvement the train moved quietly on without further mishap, and, notwithstanding lost hats and umbrellas, the passengers considered the trip a great success.

After the year 1831 railway travel was regarded by all as an assured success, and the old stage-coaches were only looked upon as substitutes until the new system should be complete. A few old-fashioned people still retained their love for the old way, and travelled from place to place in their handsome, if lumbering, private coaches, and looked upon the locomotive as a thing to be as much despised as feared.

But the public service felt the change at once, and people saw that the day had gone by when a New York merchant, in order to reach Philadelphia, would have no choice between a journey by sea and the tedious stage-route which it took two days to accomplish.

Some of the oldest railroads in the United States were completed by 1835, and by 1841 railroads had grown to be commonplace affairs. In that year the Boston & Worcester road was finished, by which the former city was brought into direct communication with Albany, an event as important in those days as the opening of the Pacific road some years later. The road had been seven years in building, and its public opening was regarded as marking a new era in railroad engineering. The stockholders sat down to a banquet in Boston on the evening of December 30, 1841, at which bread was served made from flour that had been threshed in Rochester two days before. The invited guests solemnly ate the bread, and agreed that the marvellous had come to pass.

But when the Western States had grown to such importance that rapid communication between the East and the West had become a necessity, the public saw that a railroad reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific would be the only thing that would solve the problem. At first the objections seemed so great that it was feared such a plan could not be carried out; but as time went on it was seen that civil engineering had advanced to such a science that it could accomplish almost anything.

Great rivers, lofty mountains, dangerous chasms and ravines, and deep, rocky cañons were all overcome by skilful engineering, and finally, in 1869, the Pacific Railroad was opened to the world, and New York and San Francisco were brought within a week's distance of each other.

The completion of this road marked one of the most important eras in the history of the United States. Previous to this, much of the trade from the West had had to find its way around Cape Horn, and the loss of time was incalculable, while the grains and other products from the great central plains were delayed almost as much, owing to the poor facilities for transportation.

But the Pacific Railroad changed all this, and has been a source of immense wealth to the whole country. The West has grown wealthy and populous since its completion, and the East has profited by it in no less degree.

The two oceans no longer seem far apart when flowers cut on the Pacific slopes have not yet faded on reaching New York, and the two great cities of the coast, the one looking toward the eastern sea and the other toward the sunsetting, though thousands of miles apart, are yet bound together by common interests, and their friendship forever assured, by those connecting links which in so short a time have joined the whole world together in bonds of peaceful union.

Up in the far north the reindeer still draws his master's rude sledge over the fields of ice, and the Bedouin still urges his patient camel over the burning sands of African deserts, but in every other region of the world the railroad has found its way, crossing Russian steppes and Indian plains, and leading the civilization of the West back again to its home in the East, and heralding there the dawn of a new day which will shine more and more perfect as men realize how all the nations of the earth are one, and are bound together by ties so close that the hurt of one must be the hurt of all and the good of one the good of all.

CHAPTER XI.

INDIAN TROUBLES IN FLORIDA.

THE purchase of Florida by the United States did not by any means bring the Indian troubles to a close.

There still remained the question whether the white man had a right to drive the Indian away from his lands whenever the white man saw fit; and although the Government generally decided that Indian lands should become the property of any whites who chose to claim them, the Indians themselves refused to agree to this, and many a bloody battle was fought in consequence.

The Seminoles still remained a powerful tribe for many years after their country had become a part of the Union, and they resented fiercely any attempt to drive them away from Florida.

Besides the desire of white colonists to occupy the Seminole lands, there was another reason why it seemed best to persuade the Indians to move westward. Escaped slaves still found their way to the Everglades of Florida, and marriages between negroes and Indians kept up the feeling of friendship between the two races, who, by years of ill-treatment, had learned to look upon the white man as a common enemy.

South Carolina and Georgia were, as of old, the great losers in this, and made constant objection to the presence of the Indians in Florida, which could not really be considered slave territory, while communities of free slaves were living within its borders protected by the loyalty and bravery of the unconquered Seminoles.

So powerful was Southern influence where the question of slavery was brought up, that at last, after some years of indecision, the Government consented to purchase all the lands of the Seminoles, and compel them to move to the territory west of the Mississippi where the Creeks had gone, and share their new homes with them.

Eighty years before this the Seminoles had revolted from the Creeks and had since been an independent tribe, and when they heard that their homes were to be taken from them and that they were expected to live in friendly fashion with their old enemies and perhaps come under their rule, their indignation knew no bounds.

The most bitter and undying hatred sprang up in their hearts toward the people who wished to compel them to these measures, and war was at once resolved upon.

In all dealings with the Indians the United States acted the part of a powerful Government willing to take advantage of the ignorant and helpless.

Right and wrong were seldom considered when Indian lands were in question, and if any part of the country seemed peculiarly adapted to growth and improvement, it was immediately coveted by the whites, and the tribes compelled to seek refuge elsewhere, the money that was given them in return often falling far short of the real value of the land. And this was true of the Seminole, as well as other tribes.

The Government offered the tribe $15,000 for their lands in Florida, and agreed to pay them certain sums of money yearly, but this could not be called buying the land, as the Seminoles positively refused to sell, and declared again and again their great unwillingness to remove.

But they were hated by the whites because of their relationship with the negroes, and it was believed with reason that South Carolina and Georgia would continue losing their best slaves while the Seminoles remained such close neighbors, and so no attention was paid to the fact that the Indians did not wish to leave their homes, and every effort was made to compel them to go.

One of the leading Seminole chiefs at this time was Osceola. His wife was the daughter of an escaped slave, and had been born in the Everglades. The children born of the marriages between the Indians and negroes were called maroons, and were claimed as property by the slaveholders, who never lost an opportunity of bringing them into bondage, and once when

Osceola and his wife were visiting one of the United States forts, the young maroon was seized as a slave by her mother's old master and carried off into captivity. Osceola had been placed in irons while this was being done, but as soon as his wife was safe out of the way he was given his freedom. His first act on reaching his tribe was to swear undying vengeance against the whites.

And when the Seminoles met in council to talk over the treaty that had been proposed by the United States Government, Osceola drove his knife into the table and declared that he would execute a treaty with that alone. One of the most terrible of Indian wars at once followed.

Osceola threatened instant death to any Indian who should consent to move west, and one chief more peaceably inclined than the rest was killed by the tribe.

The white settlers of Florida now felt the full fury of the outraged and indignant Indians and negroes, who moved over the State in bands, showing no mercy to their enemies and asking none for themselves.

Troops were at once sent against them, but for a time it seemed that the wily foe would outwit all the generalship of the United States Army.

A body of men numbering about one hundred and forty, commanded by Major Dade, was met by the Indians, and all but two shot down, even the wounded being butchered by the negroes as they lay in the grass.

The settlers in the interior of the State became so alarmed over the raids of the Indians, that whole towns and villages were forsaken, the people flying for refuge to the forts and towns along the coast.

Whole families were butchered, and the messengers of the Government, carrying orders from one military station to another, were often murdered by the vigilant enemy, and their bodies hung up on the trees as a warning to their successors.

The swamps furnished the securest hiding-places for the savages, and it was almost impossible to track them to their retreats.

Band after band would emerge from these

dark recesses, go on their way of murder and destruction, and then return to have their places taken by others equally bloodthirsty and watchful. A moss-covered log, a bending cypress, even a hummock of tall grass would prove a safe shelter for the Indian or negro, while the pursuing white man would only serve as a target for the unerring arrow or ball.

The Indians held true to their old modes of warfare, and it was almost impossible to meet them in the open field. Sudden attacks on scattered farm-houses, stealthy journeys through the moss-hung forests, and unexpected descents in overwhelming numbers upon wagon-trains and detached bands of military, were their surest means of victory, and after a success more glowing than usual, a swift retreat to dense swamps and inaccessible islands, while the defeated enemy could only peer vainly through the foliage, seeing nothing of the triumphant warriors.

In order to prevent these sudden retreats of the savages into their hiding-places, the Government ordered blood-hounds to be brought from

Cuba, and when these arrived, with their Spanish masters, it seemed that the trouble would speedily come to an end. But it was found that the blood-hounds had been trained only to follow negroes, and refused to track the Indians, and all the money that had been spent in bringing them from Cuba was thrown away.

Added to this came the sickness which attacked the soldiers in the warm months, and rendered them so unfit for duty that many of the military posts had to be abandoned.

But a still more determined effort was made by the Government, and in the winter of 1837 eight thousand troops entered upon a campaign and succeeded with great effort in driving the Indians from the Everglades and forcing them to sue for peace.

A short time afterward seven hundred Indians and maroons were sent off to Tampa to be shipped West.

Osceola, a few months before, had gone to one of the forts under a flag of truce. He had been seized immediately and sent to Fort Moultrie, and after a weary imprisonment died of grief.

But the war did not end for all that, and the remaining Indians and maroons had become so wary that it was almost impossible to follow them in the swamps and woods.

But the troops became more and more skilful in Indian warfare, and gradually small parties of the savages were captured and sent West, with such maroons as were not claimed by slave-holders, and so, very slowly, the Indian power was broken up.

Finally, in the year 1841, General Worth's troops ascended the rivers in small parties, and penetrated to the swamps and islands, and destroyed the hiding-places of the Indians, and with them the crops that they depended upon for their winter food, and this struck the last blow to the power of the Seminoles. One by one the bands gave themselves up as prisoners, and party after party was sent on to the West, until almost the last Seminole had disappeared from Florida.

The war ended, having lasted six years, and having cost the country forty millions of dollars, twice as much as had been paid for Florida and Louisiana together.

But some escaped slaves had been dragged back into bondage, and a few unfortunate maroons had been forced to exchange freedom for servitude; the Seminoles had also been driven away, and so the war was looked upon as a brilliant success.

No thought was given to the original owners of the land, whose claims dated back to a time when America was yet a wilderness, and the white man had not learned to claim all its wealth for his own.

But like many another tribe, the Seminoles had learned that their rights must disappear before the wishes of their white brothers, and sadly they turned their faces toward the West, that last refuge for their race, and with hearts full of bitterness and sorrow, accepted the fate that willed that *might*, and not *right*, should rule.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STORY OF THE TELEGRAPH.

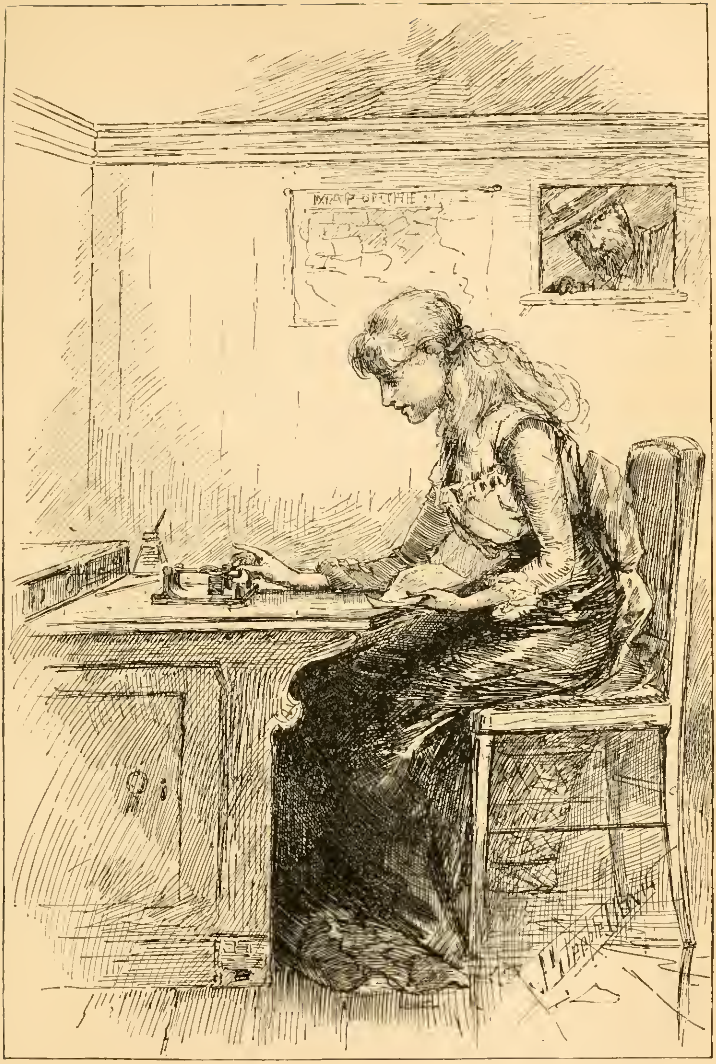
Long ago, when people believed a great many things that they think themselves too wise to believe now, when elves and fairies, witches and spirits, will-o'-the-wisps, brownies, and good-fellows of all kinds lived on the earth, and did many a good turn to poor humans, it was not thought impossible for the air to be filled at all hours of the day and night with these obliging messengers, who were always flying hither and thither on their errands of love and duty.

A spark of light in the valley, the gleam of a torch in the mountains, the faint cry of a bird in the woods, a cold breath of air blown across the face in the darkness, a strange and subtle perfume lingering around a place where no flowers had ever bloomed, were all signs that these little people were about their work, and that tired humanity might go to rest quite sure that the world would be well taken care of while it slept.

In those days all the earth seemed full of unseen spirits, and every thing in nature had a voice to speak its mission to the world. The trees and flowers, the brooks and fountains, the winds and the buds, were all gifted with strange powers, and could work good or ill as they so desired, and man was very thankful for their good offices, and very careful not to offend them lest they should use their power for harm.

But as the world grew older the belief in all these supernatural beings gradually died out, and only a few old people or children could be found who kept their faith in the merry little folk of old.

Perhaps there would still linger among the simple inhabitants of a secluded village a little superstition about lucky and unlucky days, witches' charms, fairy rings, and elfin lights in the meadows; but for the rest of mankind all the belief in such things had changed to only a childish memory.



THE TELEGRAPH.

And yet, when the world thought itself wisest, when all the secrets of nature seemed spread out before man like an open book, when he had learned all about the laws of the winds and tides, and the courses of the stars, and the meanings that lay beneath the tint of every leaf and flower, and when the interior of the earth, which he had once supposed peopled with demons and spirits of darkness, was laid bare before his eyes, and its rich treasures yielded themselves up to his hands, even then his knowledge was really so limited that he was ignorant of the one mystery that is in all nature the greatest.

For although his belief in the spirits of the air had long since vanished, there were yet mysterious and unseen forces filling the earth and heavens, and gifted with powers so strange and wonderful that the wildest dreams of man could never have imagined them.

The heart of the oak and the leaf of the rose, the mighty boulder of granite and the smallest diamond, the waters, the mountains, the clouds, and everything in the universe were all guarding a secret so great in its powers and so mighty in its influence, that when man should learn it, it would change the whole world for him, and make him the possessor of a servant far excelling in ability any fairies, elves, or genii, who had ever lived.

A few hints of this great mystery had come to man from time to time, but in a way so obscure that the puzzle seemed only the greater. Perhaps it was because of the faint revealings of these unseen forces that the race first came to believe in the power of mysterious agencies in nature, working out their will for the good or ill of mankind; but however that may be, it is certain that the secret was whispered faintly many years ago, and that from the earliest times man had tried earnestly to discover this most elusive wonder of nature.

The old Greeks thought for a long time that this strange power was found only in amber, and so named it electron, which is the Greek word for that substance, and from this name came the modern term, electricity. But the name means nothing, and explains none of the wonderful qualities which this invisible force possesses, and is only kept because there must be a name, and this is as appropriate as any other would be.

More than two thousand years ago it was observed that when a piece of amber was rubbed with silk it acquired the power of attracting light bodies to it, and as time went on it came to be known that other bodies, such as sulphur, sealing-wax, and glass, have the same property as amber, and it is now believed that every substance has the same power to a greater or less degree, or, in other words, everything in nature is supposed to contain a certain amount of electricity.

But although this power is so universal, we can tell its presence in a substance only by the effect it produces. Of its nature we know nothing; we only know that it exists because we are able to force it out of its hiding-places, and we have learned in some degree to what uses we may put it, but all the rest is a great mystery.

It has been found that electricity possesses the power of passing from one body to another, and from this knowledge has come some of its chief benefits to mankind. But not all bodies receive electricity with the same degree of ease. Those substances which receive it easily are called conductors, such as metals, flame, acids, smoke, and many others ; substances which do not receive electricity easily are called non-conductors, such as glass, silk, wax, feathers, amber, lime, mica, the diamond, all transparent precious stones, and many others, and both conductors and non-conductors are necessary to make electricity of any use to man.

By careful study it has been discovered that this mighty force is capable of performing a great many wonderful things.

Rub two different substances together and the electricity which is produced will often show itself in a little spark. This fact has led to the discovery that electricity can produce light, and that the tiny spark which a child may develop by walking over a carpet, the lightnings which flash from horizon to zenith in the thunder-storms of summer, and the burning spears of the aurora, are all the results of that hidden power whose workings are so mysterious and so full of awe.

Electricity can also produce heat so great that the hardest substances will melt under its power, and an electric current sent into a vessel of water will speedily separate the oxygen and hydrogen of which the water is composed, and drive them far apart.

But the property that makes it most useful to mankind is more wonderful than any of these. From the earliest times there has been known to exist a very curious mineral, called *loadstone*. This substance, which is composed of iron and oxygen, possesses the singular power of attracting to it any particles of iron which may be placed near its surface.

This mineral, which was found in great abundance in the ancient city of Magnesia, in Asia, received the name of magnet, from that city, and it is very often called by that name.

One of the most remarkable qualities which the loadstone possesses, is its power of giving its property of attracting iron, to a needle or steel bar which is rubbed against it, the needle also being able, after having been rubbed several times against the loadstone, to attract pieces of iron; it is then said to be magnetized.

A piece of steel which has acquired this power is called a magnetic needle, and has the peculiar habit of always pointing north and south when suspended freely in the air.

From this circumstance the magnetic needle became an invaluable aid to seamen, and made ocean voyaging a much easier thing than it had ever been before its use was introduced.

For a long time the chief use of the magnetic needle seemed to be to guide man in his travels by land and sea, but as time passed the world began to wonder if this useful little object would not some time be put to another service equally great.

Philosophers had for ages pondered over magnetism and electricity, and wondered if these two strange and powerful forces might not be in some way related.

Many wise men gave their lives to the study of this perplexing problem, but its solution always evaded them, and they could only follow vainly the hints and suggestions which came to them from time to time, but which always proved as fruitless and elusive as the pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisp.

But in 1820 the great Danish philosopher, Oersted, made a discovery which has led to the most wonderful invention in the history of the world.

By long and careful experiments, which extended through years of study, Oersted came to the secret that had eluded all the philosophers before him, and found the strange relationship that exists between electricity and magnetism, and proved that a magnet will act upon electricity, and electricity upon a magnet, to such a degree that the magnetic needle will turn from its usual direction and swing around to the east or west.

This wonderful discovery added immensely to the sum of the world's knowledge, and was destined to lead to the most important results.

Previous to this it had been observed that in very high latitudes, and under certain other conditions, the magnetic needle did not remain fixed; but to Oersted belongs the credit of discovering the connection between this phenomenon and electricity.

Oersted's discovery at once set the whole world thinking. He had found that a wire, through which a current of electricity was passing, could control the action of the magnetic needle, and men of science were eager to make this knowledge of use to the world.

Long before this, philosophers had tried to think of some plan by which messages could be sent from one place to another by using the power which electricity possesses of being sent to any distance through a wire or metal bar, but all experiments had so far failed.

As early as 1649 a Jesuit priest published a curious book, in which he tried to show that two magnetic needles, situated at great distances apart, might be made to transmit messages, and from his time down many different philosophers attempted various inventions for the same purpose. But it was not until after Oersted's discovery that sending messages by electricity, or telegraphy, was made a thorough success.

In 1837 Professor Morse, an American inventor, gave to the world an invention which far excelled all previous ones in importance. He had perfected a machine by which it was possible to combine the use of electricity with the magnetic needle, and transmit messages between places, no matter how far apart.

Although Professor Morse profited by the experience and wisdom of many before him, and very little of his invention is strictly original with him, yet to him belongs the credit of completing a machine so perfect that from the time he gave his ideas to the world telegraphy became a practical and assured success.

His method consists in sending a current of electricity through a wire to a point near which is suspended a magnetic needle. As the electricity passes the needle, it is turned from its true position, and swings east or west, and does not again point north until the current of electricity has ceased. It is therefore possible for a person standing at one end of the wire to control the action of the needle near the other end, no matter how far distant, by merely shutting off or putting on the current, and as every motion of the needle could be made to stand for a certain sign, or every second of time between the passing or stopping of the current could stand for a certain letter, or even the sound made to mean certain words, why, sending messages by electricity became an easy matter. Like all other great inventions the result seemed simple enough when once accomplished, and the Morse system of telegraphy seemed at once to solve the problem that had vexed other inventors so long.

As electricity travels almost with the swiftness of thought, scientific men at once saw how its use in telegraphy would confer the greatest gift that science had ever given to the world.

But every great invention has to fight its way into favor with the multitude, and telegraphy was no exception. Professor Morse had to plead so hard for his invention, and defend it from such absurd charges, that one would have supposed he wished to introduce some dreadful evil into the world.

Some laughed at his idea, some thought it irreverent to pry thus into the secrets of nature, others feared it as likely to work harm to the world, and not a few thought the great inventor fit only for the lunatic asylum.

But the same courage and patience that had upheld him while perfecting his great system, now came to his aid, and after many years of waiting he finally gained the consent of the Government to furnish money for building telegraph lines in order to test the invention.

The first line built in the United States was put in operation in June, 1844, between Washington City and Baltimore, and fully established the success of the Morse system. By 1848, there were lines running as far west as Buffalo, and as far north as Montreal, and although electric telegraphing had been vaguely known to the scientific world since 1786, yet so complete and perfect was the new system, and so thoroughly a success, that now, for the first time, it seemed possible to think of it as taking a place among the great inventions of the world.

Never before, in the history of civilization, had anything so important happened as the perfection of the magnetic telegraph.

Man had made use of strange messengers to carry his thoughts from place to place, but electricity was the strangest of all.

The bark of a tree, the reeds of the Nile, the skin of an animal, graven stones, waxen tablets, and the white wings of birds had all served their time as instruments of man's wish to send messages of greeting, or peace, or war, from place to place, and it had even been believed that the air could carry strange secrets, and that man's inmost thought could be read by magicians, and astrologers predict his fate from the stars; but all inventions and all marvels paled before this, in which dwelt a power so great, and yet so mysterious, that man could only grasp but a small hint of it, and seemed destined to stand forever shut out from its real character and meaning. Again a part of his lost faith returned and in the presence of this subtle force which fills the universe, he was once more forced to believe in unseen agencies abounding in earth and air, and capable of performing wonderful deeds.

It is true he had learned to look with somewhat clearer eyes, and his thought was far more intelligent than in the old days, while the power to bring these forces to his own will, in even a slight degree, had made his attitude toward nature more dignified and self-appreciative; but the great mystery still remained as much a mystery as ever. Nature still held her secret close, and man could only put out his hand to take the small measure that was vouchsafed to him, and rest content with that.

And yet, small as is his knowledge of this wonderful power, he has given to it uses that are almost infinite. It carries man's thought from continent to continent, speeds down miles of railroad to avert threatening danger, and its signals flash from mountain height to coast, to herald the approaching storm; it illumines the streets of great cities, its brilliance almost turning the night into day; the worker in metals finds it a ready helper in executing his designs, and the chemist unravels some of the deepest secrets of nature by the same subtle agency; while many other purposes as varied and great all prove its use to the world.

A few years after Morse's system came into use telegraphic lines had spread in all directions over both continents.

From the Arctic Ocean southward to the heights of the Andes, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, America was traversed by thousands of miles of telegraph lines. And in the Old World the new thought made just as rapid progress—Europe, Africa, and Asia were at once joined by a network of these delicate wires that have followed the thought of man in infinite directions. Under the waters of the English Channel, the North Sea, the Black, the Mediterranean, and the Red, from peak to peak of the Alps, over the pleasant valleys of Italy and France, and across the mountains and deserts of Asia, the electric telegraph pushed its way, step by step, with an energy that scorned all difficulties. Engineers traversed dense Asiatic forests, and brought the most uncivilized races of the world to a knowledge of the progress of man. Canton and St. Petersburg, India and the Nile, were joined together by this mysterious bond, and the white peaks of the Himalayas and the snow-fields of Russia seemed separated only by a moment's space from the African deserts and the red rose-gardens of Persia and Arabia.

And yet, when all this was done, man was not yet satisfied. There still remained the great ocean between the Old World and the New, and while it yet took days of buffeting with winds and waves to bring the two continents into communication, the telegraph seemed to only have fulfilled half its mission.

England had already shown that lines could be used under water, and now the great question arose as to how to use this knowledge for the laying of wires underneath the ocean. To the early experimenters in electricity this would have seemed impossible, for although there are certain fish that possess the power of producing electricity in such quantity sometimes that they can transmit a shock sufficient to cause death to the animal that touches them, yet it was well known that it was most difficult for man to send a current over any wire that was buried beneath the water.

But human ingenuity went to work, and after many failures, this difficulty was also overcome, and it was found possible to cover the wires so that the electric current would not be disturbed by the water. Then the ocean was sounded from shore to shore, and it was found that between the coasts of Ireland and Newfoundland the bottom of the sea consisted of a plateau so perfectly adapted to the uses of the telegraph that nothing better could have been imagined. This vast plain was so shallow that the wires could easily be laid at the bottom, and yet so deep that they would be forever beyond the reach of ships, icebergs, anchors, wrecks, and sea-drifts of any kind. No ocean currents disturbed the calm of this deep-sea region, and the tiny shells which strewed the bed were as perfect as when first deposited. Here the wires might fall, and rest secure from all mishap.

And so the heavy cable-wire was prepared, and ships sent out to meet in mid-ocean and join the great wires together. The vessels met at the appointed place, and after splicing the cable, separated, one sailing for the coast of Ireland and the other for Newfoundland. Both reached harbor safely, and on the morning of August 7, 1857, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, of New York, through whose untiring efforts the plan had been carried out, announced to the world that the Atlantic Cable was successfully laid, and that the signals through the wires were perfect. Great rejoicings followed; all over the land bells were rung, cannon fired, and flags displayed, and although this first attempt did not afterward prove successful, yet the fact was established that it was possible to lay telegraph wires under the Atlantic, and in the year 1867 the present cable was finished.

And so the greatest marvel of any age was accomplished, and Europe and America could speak to each other with the speed of thought, and the ends of the earth were joined together with the bands of the lightning.

Not yet fifty years have passed since Morse gave his system to the world, but the results have proved more important than all the changes that have taken place since the earliest dawn of history. No one can tell to what the use of electricity as a messenger of thought may lead, but it is certain that there must remain for it still wide fields of action, and the coming ages may witness such an increase of knowledge of its laws, and so many wide uses of them, that the telegraph, which is the marvel of the age, will seem no more wondrous than the magic charms and elfin deeds of old seem to the people of to-day.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS.

Nearly a hundred years before La Salle had wandered hopelessly amid the forests of Texas in his vain effort to discover the mouth of the Mississippi, Spanish priests had travelled northward from Mexico, and had established a mission among the Indians near what is now the city of Santa Fé.

The Indians seemed kindly and well disposed, and for nearly a century the two races dwelt together peaceably, while the mission grew, and the tribes in distant regions became familiar with the idea of these white priests who taught their dark neighbors the arts of peace, and endeavored to lift them above the hard and brutal life of the savage.

But as time passed, the Indians grew restive under these restraints, and at last rose in a body, and after killing a large number of Spaniards, compelled the remainder to retreat to the borders of Mexico.

The Spanish Government, however, had no intention of giving up the rich province of New Mexico so easily, and a large force of troops was sent thither to recover the country. For fifteen years the struggle lasted, and resulted in the conquest of New Mexico by Spain, and the establishment of peace over all the country.

This was in the year 1695, a few years after the death of La Salle.

The attempts of the French to make settlements in Texas greatly aroused the anger and opposition of Spain, who considered that she alone had the right to build up the new country.

France claimed Texas as a part of Louisiana, which she said belonged to her by right of discovery; but on the other hand, Spain had long before issued an order forbidding all foreigners from entering the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, claiming the whole region lying on its borders as hers, by right of the discoveries of De Leon, Narvaez, and De Soto.

And so, when the news of the French expedition into Texas was carried by the Indians to the priests at the missions, and so travelled on into Mexico, the viceroy of that country immediately called a council of war, at which it was decided that it was the duty of every loyal Spaniard to join a crusade against the invaders, and drive them out of the country.

But sickness and death had already been among the unfortunate French, and the Spanish commander only succeeded in taking two prisoners, the rest of the company having died while wandering through the wilderness, or been scattered among different tribes as prisoners.

However, the expedition from Mexico was considered of such importance that the King of Spain immediately ordered missions to be established all over Texas, thinking rightly that if he allowed the French to gain any foothold in that country, his possessions in New Mexico would be greatly endangered.

The Indians of Texas were wandering and quarrelsome tribes, who from time immemorial, had plundered and stolen from the Aztecs, and when Mexico was conquered by Spain these roving savages still continued their evil practices, keeping themselves supplied with horses, arms, silver plate, and other articles by their thefts upon the European colonies at El Paso, Monterey, and elsewhere, and not content with stealing for themselves, furnishing the Indians along the coast with horses and fire-arms obtained from the same sources.

They were divided into tribes which were constantly at war with one another, and differed greatly in disposition and habits.

The principal tribe were the Cenis, who were distinguished for their hospitality and gentleness. This tribe lived along the banks of the Trinity, in large and populous villages. Their houses were shaped like bee-hives, and were sometimes forty feet high. They raised corn and grain, and used horses, money, silver spoons, spurs, and clothing which they had obtained from the Spaniards.

Like the Aztecs, they worshipped the sun, and believed in a Creator; and in common with other North American Indians, had their rain-makers, game-finders, and witches.

At first the effort to establish missions among them was not successful; the seasons were bad, crops failed, cattle died, and the Indians were hostile; and before long all the posts excepting El Paso, which was on the route to the silver mines of New Mexico, and one on the Rio Grande, were abandoned.

But the colonization of Louisiana by the French roused the Spaniards to new exertions, and in the year 1715, permanent missions were established in Texas.

Thus Spain quietly took possession of all that vast country extending from the Sabine to the Rio Grande, and containing within its boundaries natural resources for almost unlimited wealth.

The little missions were at first but humble affairs. Cabins were built of rough hewn logs, interlaced and thatched with branches, and the unpretending chapel and hospital were of the same rude material. But the climate was mild, the soil fertile, and the wants of the good Franciscan priests few and simple, and so the missions grew and flourished, and became centres of civilization in that wild, rough country, where hitherto the beauty of peaceful and happy living had been unknown.

The Indians, for the most part, were good-natured and willing to be taught; they cheerfully waited upon the priests, and willingly performed small duties for the soldiers; for all the larger missions had garrisons of soldiers; being called from this circumstance, *presidios.* Each *presidio* or military post had a mission attached to it, and these stations soon grew to be places of considerable importance.

The buildings of the presidio consisted of the church, dwellings for officers, priests, and soldiers, hospital, storehouses, and prisons, all erected around a great square called the *plaza de armas.* The converted Indians lived in huts at a little distance from the whites, and were obliged to perform daily penance for any wrong-doing.

The Franciscan fathers at the presidios strictly observed the rules of their order. They wore coarse woollen robes tied with cords, from which hung a knotted scourge, and went with their feet entirely bare. Having taken the vows of self-denial and poverty, they worked without hope of reward, and performed their labors so conscientiously that they gained great influence over the Indians. But it was very hard work to make the savages understand that their whole mode of life was wrong in the eyes of the priests.

The Franciscans did not, like the Jesuits, enter into the life of the tribes they tried to convert, but, on the contrary, they presented religion in such a gloomy and forbidding light that, if it had not been for the protection and shelter they offered the Indians, they would have had but few converts.

Up in the lake region, where the Indians first came under the influence of the French missionaries, who were of cheerful and loving disposition, it rarely happened that a native, after having been converted, gave up his faith and returned to his savage practices, for he found as good companionship in the priests as he could desire. They hunted and fished with him, joined him in his feasts, and praised his skill in the chase and at the games; but the Spanish Franciscans looked upon these sports with abhorrence, and tried, in every way, to induce the Indians to give them up.

The fathers offered the natives food and raiment and shelter, and in return for these they expected them to change their tastes and habits entirely.

They had to learn the value of property, to build homes and seek means for supporting their families, not trusting, as of old, to their luck in fishing or hunting; they had to give up their wandering lives and settle down in communities around the mission, and instead of the war-whoop and battle-cry, they were expected to care only for the Latin prayers and chants of the priests.

Besides this, the Indians had to be taught that, the Great Spirit, whom they all revered, did not delight in murder and bloodshed, but that, on the contrary, the Christian was expected to forgive his enemy instead of scalping him, and to help a brother in distress instead of taking from him the little he might have.

From early morning until evening the services of the Church were regularly performed in the little wooden chapels of the missions, and Sundays and festivals were as strictly observed as in the stately cathedrals of Mexico and Spain.

The mystic rites of the Church never failed to inspire the simple natives with awe; they willingly devoted their time and strength to assist the priests in carrying on the religious ceremonies, and were never so happy as when allowed to take part in decorating the chapels for the different festivals, or joining in the singing and chanting. This part of the Christian religion seemed to them beautiful and desirable, but the gloomier side repelled them. They disliked the endless prayers and numerous penances, and it was no infrequent thing for a party of young braves to steal off from the mission at night, and join their friends in a wild hunt or bloodthirsty war-party.

Such offences were always met with stern disapproval by the friars, who, unlike the French priests, did not try to win the wrong-doers back by persuasion, but, on the contrary, held over their heads awful threats of the anger of heaven against such offenders. But, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the influence of the fathers gradually made itself felt throughout Texas, even the more distant tribes coming more or less under the civilizing power of Christianity.

And so around the little missions settlements of Christian Indians grew slowly up. The young were carefully trained in the doctrines of the Roman Church, and as converts were never allowed to marry among the unconverted, in a few years there was a race of domestic Indians living around the missions, peaceable in habit, and depending upon the cultivation of the ground for their support.

Sometimes these converts were sent out among their still savage brothers to induce them to lead civilized lives, and so great was their zeal for making converts, that it often happened they brought the unwilling savages in by force, and compelled them to be baptized; and even this singular way of winning converts wrought good effects; for however distasteful the confinement of the missions might seem to the chiefs and warriors, they invariably grew very fond of the pious friars who had left the comforts of civilization and accepted lives of deprivation and danger, for the sake of their savage and untaught brethren.

It is pleasant to think of these peaceful little settlements in the midst of the Texan forests, where the good priests and grateful Indians lived in loving companionship for so many years.

And not only were the missions of benefit to the natives, but the weary traveller over plain and mountain could always turn his steps toward the *presidio,* sure of welcome and repose, and to the adventurous settler who had reared his lonely cabin far away in the mighty forest, there was no sight or sound so cheering as the cross rising from the gable of the little chapel, or the music of the Angelus stealing through the dusky woods, and filling the twilight hour with thoughts of love and peace.

After the establishment of the *presidios* the

Indians naturally fell into two classes. T who remained unconverted were called Indian bravos, and those who knew how to make the sign of the cross were styled converted Indians, for the friars soon learned that these ignorant savages could only be taught by things that appealed to their imagination, and that the *spirit* of Christianity was something they could not understand.

The rite of baptism, the administration of the sacraments, the reverential attitude, the sign of the cross, the sound of the church-bell, and even the robes of the priest, had for them a mysterious and powerful fascination; but in most cases the friars had to be content with the performance of these outward signs, for it seemed almost impossible to teach the Indian that love and gentleness were more a part of Christian doctrine than decorating the font at Easter, or bowing at the mention of the Trinity.

The belief in the power of things visible was inborn among the Indians, and once, when a party of Spaniards had gone on an expedition against the French on the Mississippi, the Misa chief who encountered them spared only the priest in the general butchery that followed, and afterward gravely appeared at the French fort decked out in the ornaments of the chapel, wearing the paten as a breastplate and thinking he had acquired great honor thereby, although he was covered with war-paint and his head was crowned with feathers and a pair of horns.

During the American Revolution, Texas remained quiet, being too far from the scene of action to take any important part, and as yet too little known to attract any attention.

But after the purchase of Louisiana by the United States, the great territory lying west of it began to attract some notice.

American settlers began to venture into the Texan forests, and trade was slowly established between Mexico and the Western frontier by way of the Spanish mission-posts in Texas.

Gradually the population increased and the *presidios* grew into flourishing towns. The natural resources began to be appreciated, and large settlements of Americans were in a few years scattered all over the country.

In the meantime, as the years went on, Mexico grew more and more restive under the rule of Spain, and after a long struggle with the Spanish crown declared her independence in 1821.

Soon after this, application was made to the new republic for permission to found American colonies in Texas, and this was the beginning of a powerful American influence in that country, which soon counted large numbers of people from the United States among her population.

These pioneers had a hard time of it at first, for the Indians were hostile, the Mexicans none too friendly, and the work of forming new settlements difficult and often discouraging. The comforts of life were almost unknown during the first years, the emigrants being content with seeing order and beauty slowly growing up around their new homes. Men, women, and children alike wore clothing made of buckskin, and shoes were a luxury unknown except in the coldest weather. Once in a while a strolling pedler would find his way into the settlements, and from him would be obtained needles, thread, and occasionally a piece of calico, for which fabulous prices were paid.

The history of Texas at this time is like that of the early settlement of the Mississippi Valley. Hardships were bravely borne, and the trouble with the Indians and the dangers of frontier life only united the pioneers more closely together, and developed that spirit of independence which characterized all the early settlers.

The Government of Mexico had abolished slavery, and took some pains to establish schools. But these latter were Mexican in character, and did not meet the ideas of the American settlers.

The pupils were taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and the dogmas of the Roman Church. The school was held in a large room furnished with a few wooden benches, and having the floor covered with cow-hides. The pupils all repeated their lessons at the top of their voices, while the master stalked around, ferule in hand, dressed in leather breeches and jerkin, with a bright handkerchief twisted around his head and his shaggy hair standing erect.

At such schools as these, the greater part of the Texans learned all they knew from books, but the Americans had private schools of their own, or sent their children to the United States to be educated.

But as time went on the Mexican Government grew jealous of the American power in Texas, and feared that the United States would lay some claim to the country in view of the great number of their citizens settled there. Besides this, the slave-owners of Texas carried on a profitable trade in negroes, introducing them into the colony under the name of *servants* since slavery was forbidden.

Owing to these and other causes, in 1830 the Mexican Government issued an order forbidding any people from the United States to settle in Texas, and any further trade in slaves.

The Texans were greatly perplexed by this order, but settlers still continued to come, and the trouble increased. The Americans called themselves citizens of Texas by adoption, and sympathized with the State in her disagreement with Mexico.

All the Southern States of the Union watched the contest with eagerness, and openly declared their sympathy for the Texans, knowing that in so doing they could best serve their own interests as slave-holders.

Finally, urged on by the spirit of American independence, by the great influence of the slave-owners, and by the frequent acts of Mexican injustice, Texas boldly announced her independence, and declared herself free from Mexican rule.

War immediately followed, the Texans being commanded by the American General Houston and the Mexicans by their President, Santa Anna. After a year's fighting, Santa Anna was taken prisoner at the battle of San Jacinto, and agreed to acknowledge the independence of Texas.

This struggle was watched with great interest by Americans, those of the North and those of the South both feeling that if Texas gained her independence it would only be a short time before she would apply for admission into the Union, and while this was considered very desirable by the Southern States, as increasing the power of slavery, it was held equally undesirable by the Northern States for the same reason.

Texas held the position of an independent republic for nine years, her entire separation from Mexico being acknowledged by the United States and several European governments, although Mexico herself never fully admitted that the new State was quite lost to her.

When the time actually came to discuss the question of allowing the Texan Republic to enter the Union, all the old feelings of anger were aroused.

The Northern States bitterly opposed the admission of so large a slave-holding territory, while the Southern States tried every means in their power to bring the new country in, feeling sure that such an increase of land and slaves would make their own power in the nation greater and more enduring. There were many fierce debates in Congress, and the question of the extension of slavery, and the probability of a war with Mexico were argued over and over again.

Finally, when the vote was cast, it was

found that Southern influence had prevailed, and Texas was admitted to the Union as a slave State on December 27, 1845.

The Texans and the people of the South rejoiced, the North looked gloomy, and Mexico at once determined upon a war with the United States.

Texas was the twenty-eighth State admitted into the Union, and included a territory one-third as large as that embraced in the thirteen original Colonies. It contained vast natural resources, and its people were already filled with that spirit of liberty and progress which had been the means of raising the United States, in so short a time, to such an important position among the nations of the earth.

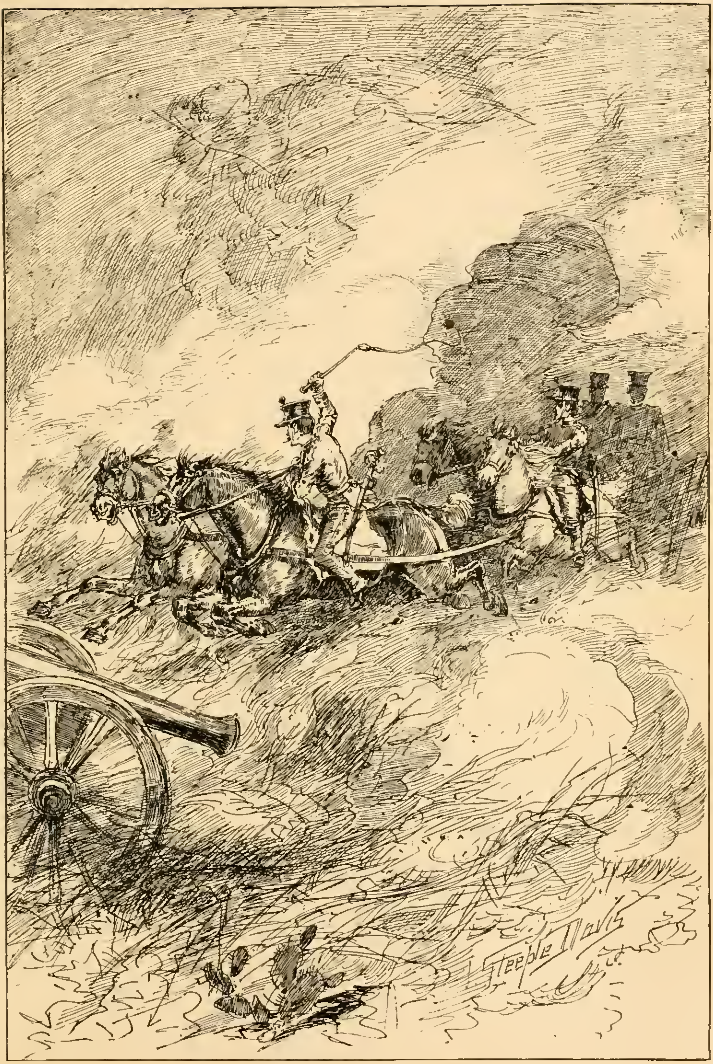
Such a State could not fail to be of lasting benefit to the Union; but this could not be seen at first, for no sooner had the new territory been openly acknowledged as a part of the American Republic, than her frontiers were invaded by a hostile army, and the United States found that they must fight for their new State at the point of the sword.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MEXICAN WAR.

When the empire of Montezuma came to an end, and Spanish soldiers and priests united to stamp out Mexican individuality and make that fair home of the Aztecs only a province of Spain, it seemed to the world that the conquered country would never again rise to be of any importance among the nations of the earth. Its fertile valleys, teeming with tropical fruits; its temperate uplands, rich in harvests of grain; and its snow-capped mountain-ranges, hiding away inexhaustible treasures of gold and silver —all seemed but the property of the great king across the seas, whose hardy captains and adventurous soldiery had made themselves immortal names by thus securing for their sovereign one of the fairest portions of the New World.

For three hundred years Mexico remained


Steeple Davis

AT PALO ALTO.

a possession of the Spanish crown, and during that time it experienced so many changes, that at the end it seemed like a new country and a new people. The simple faith and government of the Aztecs had long since disappeared, leaving in their stead the ceremonial worship of the Roman Church and the innumerable laws and law-officers of the Spanish nation.

The Aztecs, as a race, had become so mixed with the Spaniards that the two races had merged into one, in which the Spanish language, religion, and law were the leading features; and although the Indian still kept many of his characteristics, Mexico was Spanish throughout its length and breadth, and the ancient glory of the Aztecs had ceased to be anything more than a name.

The American Revolution had given to the Spanish Colonies in North and South America the example of a successful attempt on the part of a distant province to overthrow the authority of the ruling powers, and the French Revolution, which followed soon after, showed to the world that, no matter how powerful or long-established a government might be, it must be changed if the will of the people so declared. With these two examples in mind, and urged on by the abuses which had crept into the government and by the dislike of the reigning Spanish monarch, Mexico declared her independence of Spain in 1821, and was recognized as an independent power by the United States and the nations of Europe.

The new republic included Texas and the country west of the Rio Grande; and, therefore, when Texas was admitted to the Union, although she had maintained her independence for nine years, Mexico still considered her as her own property, and had no intention of giving her up without a struggle. Added to this, Texas claimed that the Rio Grande was her western boundary, while Mexico insisted that her territory extended to the Nueces. There was, therefore, a space of a hundred miles wide between the two rivers which, on the annexation of Texas, both the United States and Mexico laid claim to.

As it was well known that Mexico would

resent the admission of Texas into the American Union, General Taylor was sent to the frontier with troops to defend the new territory from the expected invasion of the Mexicans.

General Taylor established a military depôt at Point Isabel, and then, going on twenty miles farther, built Fort Brown on the northern bank of the Rio Grande, directly opposite Matamoras and within cannon-shot of the Mexican artillery. On May 7, 1846, while Taylor was returning to Fort Brown from Point Isabel, whither he had gone to meet an expected attack of the enemy, he was met at Palo Alto by a body of Mexicans, drawn up in battle-array and prepared to dispute his passage. The Mexicans outnumbered their foe more than three times, but they were driven from their position, and the victorious Americans spent the night encamped upon the battlefield.

They left the plains of Palo Alto early the next morning, and at two o'clock again met the enemy, at Resaca de la Palma, about three miles from Fort Brown. Again the Mexicans were obliged to retreat, and Taylor proceeded to Fort Brown, which for seven days had been under a bombardment from the Mexican batteries across the river.

The news of these two victories was received with the wildest enthusiasm in the United States, and as the battles had taken place on what was claimed as American soil, Congress made a formal declaration of war, saying that it existed by the act of the Republic of Mexico.

War was immediately prepared for on a large scale, and it was decided to invade Mexico in several different directions. General Taylor was to proceed to Monterey, General Scott was to capture Vera Cruz, and then march to the Mexican capital, and a force from the North was to invade New Mexico and California.

Ten days after the battle of Resaca de la Palma, Taylor crossed the Rio Grande, captured Matamoras, and began his march into the interior. The country was hostile and the march tedious, as town after town had to be taken and garrisoned, and the troops were constantly annoyed by roving bands of guerillas, who harassed them at every point.

In the gray of the morning, or the heat of noonday, or when at night the tired soldier lay down to take a few hours needed rest, the dark eyes of the Mexican might be seen glancing through the intervening branches, their look of hatred revealing the Indian cunning and patience which would let no chance or time escape the moment for revenge.

Monterey, situated on the high road from the Rio Grande to the City of Mexico, was protected on the north by the citadel, and in the rear by two strongly fortified hills. It was garrisoned by ten thousand troops, under command of General Ampudia, and contained a population of fifteen thousand, numbers of whom might be relied upon in the event of a siege.

General Taylor's army approached the city on the morning of September 19, 1846, and stood in silent admiration before the beautiful picture which the unclouded day revealed.

Monterey rose before their eyes with all the beauty of some enchanted place. Against a background of wooded heights and white-towered hills, gleamed its citadel and parapets and towers, while its cathedrals and palaces and gorgeous flower-gardens, with the sunlight falling over dome and spire, and glistening leaf, recalled some dream of fairy-land, where golden cities rise at the bidding of the enchanter's wand, and the morning mist dissolves to show scenes of wonder and delight.

Taylor approached through the grove of San Domingo, but while reconnoitring the city, was greeted with the flash of flame and the roar of cannon from the citadel. The siege began on the following day, and as part of the force had been stationed so as to cut off retreat from the city, the Mexicans knew that the siege must end for them in victory or capitulation.

The defence was brave and obstinate, but the Americans advanced slowly, carrying fortress after fortress until all the fortifications in the rear of the town were in their hands. An assault was then made on the lower part of the city, the troops advancing slowly, digging their way through the stone walls of the houses, in order to escape the shot and stones that were poured down from the roofs. The Mexicans received the assault with the greatest courage; when their ranks were broken they fought hand to hand with the invaders, and from every nook and corner gleamed the swords and bayonets of foes in deadly fight.

But barricade after barricade was swept away, street after street cleared of regulars, and square after square emptied of the brave defenders, until only the Grand Plaza, in the centre of the city, remained to the besieged.

Here the Mexicans spent the last night of the siege, while the stars and stripes floated from every fortress of Monterey, and the American soldiery slept on their arms after having hunted the concealed Mexicans from their hiding-places and forced them to surrender.

In the morning General Ampudia surrendered, after demanding the honors of war, and preparations were at once made to evacuate the city. The siege had lasted five days, and at its close the city that had looked so beautiful to the invading army presented to the eyes of the conquerors only a scene of ruin and distress. The castle walls were blackened with smoke, the towers were shattered, the cathedrals pierced with balls and shot, the palaces ruined and desolate, the gardens defaced and trampled down, while the brave inhabitants, who had tried so hard to defend their homes, now traversed the streets with sad and gloomy countenances, gathering together the little that remained to them, or searching among the dead and dying for the faces of their friends.

And as the disheartened Mexicans left the city, and moved slowly across the plain on their way to the capital, it seemed to many of the Americans, who watched them from the heights above, that considering the homes that had been made desolate, and the children who had been left fatherless, the victory had been dearly won, although the foe had outnumbered them two to one, and the defences of Monterey had seemed as impregnable as the eagle's eyrie in the clefts of the mountains above.

The army that was to invade Mexico from the North was none the less successful. Santa

Fé and New Mexico were captured, and California, which contained a large number of Americans, first declared its independence of Mexico, and then raised the stars and stripes, thus giving the whole Pacific coast into the hands of the United States.

But there was to be one more terrible battle before the Rio Grande was left in undisputed possession of the Americans.

A great part of Taylor's army had been sent to join General Scott on the coast, and Santa Anna, commanding the flower of the Mexican army, determined to route the remainder.

Taylor had taken a position at Buena Vista, a narrow mountain pass, and waited anxiously with his little army for the appearance of the Mexican general and his thousands of troops.

On February 22d, Santa Anna and his men approached. They came pouring through the gorges and over the hills, outnumbering the Americans three to one, sure of victory and of retrieving the disgrace of Monterey.

The Americans waited the attack calmly, and greeted the white flag which Santa Anna sent with a demand for surrender, with shouts of derision.

The battle began with great fierceness, and waged during the entire day of the 23d. But during the night Santa Anna, discouraged by his great loss of men, drew off his troops and retreated toward the capital.

This engagement decided the American occupation of the Rio Grande, and shortly after, General Scott began his operations on the coast.

Vera Cruz was the first city attacked. It was defended on the sea-side by the celebrated castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, which had been erected in the early part of the seventeenth century at a cost of four millions of dollars. It stood about a thousand yards off shore, upon a rocky reef, and commanded all the channels that led inland. But Scott, instead of trying to take his ships past the fortress, landed his troops in surf-boats farther down the coast, and came up to Vera Cruz from the south. He surrounded the city with trenches, and erected batteries, and then sent a message demanding the surrender of the place.

This was refused, and fire was at once opened from the land batteries and war vessels in the harbor. The city and castle were raked with shot and shell for four days. The besieged returned fire for fire, but with little effect, and as day after day passed, and their fair city was in danger of being utterly destroyed, their courage failed, and not waiting for the assault that was being planned against them, they sent messengers to General Scott proposing terms of surrender.

Two days afterward, March 29, 1847, the American flag floated over the battlements of Vera Cruz, and Scott began to make preparations for his march to the capital.

By this time it seemed to the Mexicans that the Americans were invincible, but with desperate courage they resolved to beat them back at every step.

Scott led this army by the great national road, leading from Vera Cruz to the capital, and for two hundred miles the little force gallantly climbed the steep mountain-roads, guarded at every pass by the wary enemy, and attacked at every point by the regulars of Santa Anna or the guerillas of the mountains.

At Cerro Gordo, fifty miles from Vera Cruz, the Americans carried by assault a rocky pass that had been considered impregnable by the Mexicans. This was a most decisive victory, as the position commanded the only road that led through the mountain fastnesses into the interior.

On went the victorious army up the rugged slopes of the Cordilleras, capturing castle after castle, and fortress after fortress. Puebla, a town of eighty thousand people, surrendered without attempting defence, although Scott's army numbered only five thousand, and was in the midst of a hostile country, and far from friends and supplies.

Twice the United States offered terms of peace, but Mexico stubbornly refused, and after being reinforced by troops from Vera Cruz, the undaunted Americans kept on their way up the mountains.

The army crossed the crest of the Cordilleras, and paused to look down upon the valley below. Far away extended the green fields, beautiful lakes, and picturesque villages that surrounded the approach to the Mexican capital. Here and there the plain was dotted by low hills, crowned with fortresses, indicating that they guarded the roads to the city. Strongly fortified causeways led across the marshes and over the beds of ancient lakes to the massive city gates, and the giant fortresses of Churubusco and Chapultepec frowned down directly in the path of the invading army.

At that time the city seemed as beautiful as in the days of its ancient splendor. Its cathedral spires and gleaming towers, its beautiful lakes and magnificent groves, the wide fertile plains that surrounded it, and the snow-capped summits of the Cordilleras towering above all, combined to make a scene of rare beauty, and one that must have appealed strongly to the hearts so bent upon its destruction.

But although the approaches to the city were considered impregnable, the American advance was irresistible! One by one the strong fortresses were subdued, and the defences to the causeways destroyed. The castle of Chapultepec was carried by assault on September 13th, the first to fall being the boys from the military school, and the victorious army swept resistlessly into the suburbs.

Here Santa Anna commanded the citadel, and swept the approach with a fire so terrible that advance seemed impossible.

But one column after another slowly made its way forward, until the main gate was finally carried by assault. By this time night had fallen, and the Mexican forces withdrew to the citadel, and held a council of war, in which they decided to leave the city in the darkness, after first freeing the prisons, and arming the prisoners and inhabitants, so they might inflict as much injury as possible upon the Americans. In the morning, therefore, messengers arrived from the civil authorities of the city asking for terms of surrender. But General Scott refused any terms, and marched his army into the city.

The house-tops were covered with bands of convicts, deserters, thieves, and lepers, who began pouring down fire and stones upon the Americans, until it became necessary to turn the cannon upon some of the houses, sweep them clear of their troublesome inmates, and then give them up to plunder. The troops then filed quietly through the broad streets, and at seven o'clock, September 14, 1847, the Stars and Stripes were floating over the Grand Plaza. Hundreds of Mexicans watched the victorious army as it took up its position in the great square, all looking with eagerness upon the soldiers who had toiled two hundred miles up the rocky mountain roads, and forced their way into the city that had not harbored a foreign foe for over three hundred years.

From the railings of some of the houses hung various flags—French, German, Spanish, and Portuguese—signifying that the inmates were foreigners, and demanded protection as such; from others depended the white banners of peace, sometimes in the shape of a woman's lace scarf or dainty pocket-handkerchief, and everywhere anxious eyes peered from windows and balconies, as if seeking to know the fate that might be in store for their beautiful city.

But General Scott was not waging war upon women and children, and no sooner had he taken possession of the capital than he proceeded to restore order and quiet among the excited inhabitants. The troops were quartered, property respected, hospitals established, and by the morning of the 15th peace once more reigned in the city.

Arrangements were at once begun for a treaty of peace, which was signed on February 2, 1848. By the terms of this treaty the United States secured New Mexico—which Texas claimed as a part of her territory—Arizona, and California, placing the boundary between Texas and Mexico at the Rio Grande, and granting to Mexico all the fortified towns which the Americans held on Mexican soil, and the sum of fifteen millions of dollars.

Thus the United States, by the war with Mexico, gained possession of all the country north of the Rio Grande and Gila River, and extended their territory to the Pacific in an almost unbroken line from Florida.

The question at once arose whether the new territory should hold slaves, the South pleading for the extension of slavery, while the North claimed that, as Mexico had abolished slavery, all territory obtained from her should be free. This question was not settled for some time, and although when California was admitted to the Union she came in as a free State, it still remained open, and was finally disposed of by allowing the new States that might be formed out of the territory to decide the matter for themselves.

The Spanish inhabitants of New Mexico and California strongly objected to American rule, and more than once rose in rebellion against their new owners. But their wishes met with little respect.

American soldiers were camped in the little villages that had grown up around the Spanish missions, and paid small regard to the Mexican feeling of reverence for their old homes. Troops were sometimes stationed in the very chapels, and when the Mexicans and Indians asked for their removal they were met with scorn.

The Indians from the first showed intense dislike of the new possessors, who expressed no desire to establish friendly relations with them.

Mexicans and Indians were alike driven from their homes, and forced to make settlements in places that were considered not so desirable by the Americans, and in many cases the little farms and villages that once held such happy and peaceful communities were utterly destroyed, while new occupants, under the protection of a powerful government, drove the rightful owners away without offering them any compensation whatever.

For years after the Mexican war the territories of Arizona and New Mexico were scenes of outrage and wrong committed by the agents of the United States, and although the campaign in Mexico gained great military honors for the Union, nothing can ever wipe out the disgrace that followed, when a great and free country allowed her new subjects to be robbed and plundered and treated with scorn without ever raising a hand in their defence.

The oppressed people looked sadly back to the time when they were a part of Mexico, and their little villages were the abodes of peace and plenty, and their cottages covered with vines, and gardens bright with flowers, and lanes bordered with figs and apricots, had never yet known the presence of the unwelcome American; and the children sighed in vain for the old days when, clinging to the robes of the kindly priests, they went happily up and down the streets without fear of those strange faces whose coming was destined to change all things for them, and send them forth from their pretty homes to be wanderers in distant places, where no hand would be stretched out helpfully toward them, or any voice bid them welcome.

CHAPTER XV.

SETTLEMENT OF THE NORTHWEST BOUNDARY.

To the north of California the Pacific coast is so rugged and uninviting that not one of the early navigators of Spain could be found daring enough to pierce through its lofty sea-walls and enter its rocky harbors. Curious eyes may have been turned many a time toward the white sea-line and the lofty mountain-peaks that seemed to rise suddenly up from the waves, but for years and years the vast region in the interior remained a mystery to every seaman whose staunch vessel neared the inhospitable coast, and the snow-covered mountain-tops still continued the only familiar objects within the white man's knowledge. The Indians told many a strange story about this beautiful land, whose magnificent forests, rich valleys, and great rushing rivers seemed to them the fairest in all the world.

They said that ages and ages ago this land had been peopled by giants, who fought for its possession until the race died out, and that the great, silent mountains, whose slopes were encircled with ever-changing and fantastic clouds, and whose summits were white with eternal snows, were the monuments which these old combatants raised above their dead; and that after the last great battle of the giants, when there remained not one to carry on the conflict, the Indian had claimed the land as his lawful heritage, and loved it with a love as great as that of the fierce race who had given their lives for it.

The Indians had many a conflict with the whites before they surrendered to them the fruitful valleys that seemed of right to belong to them alone; and it is no wonder that they fought for this land and loved it so well, for within its borders may be found everything that can make a country rich and beautiful.

From the edge of the sea up to the region of snows stand the most magnificent forests that are to be found in the world. Pine, cedar, fir, tamarack and yew, with their varied and eternal green, stretch away up the mountain slopes, while underneath their great overarching branches grow the vine, maple, mountain-ash, hazel, willow, and the long slender shoots of innumerable kinds of creepers and climbing vines.

From the giant pines hang down great glossy cones, a yard long, and the yew and juniper blend their scarlet and blue berries together with the most brilliant effect, and gleam through the swinging moss that droops down from the trees, like the plumage of some rare tropical bird.

Beneath the great trees that rise hundreds of feet above stands the thick growth of fern, through whose waving plumes shine the fierce eyes of the panther and California lion, while the black bear and catamount prowl here and there through the almost impenetrable jungle of underbrush seeking for their prey. Countless flocks of swans flash their white wings above the tree-tops, and mass themselves against the brilliant blue sky, looking like soft floating clouds gleaming with sunshine; and the many rivers that come down from the mountains are filled with innumerable kinds of fishes, and their waters covered with the white geese, ducks, and other water-fowl that frequent these solitudes.

Clear, tranquil lakes are scattered all over this region, lying silent in the midst of the black forests, and known for centuries only to the stars that shone down into their depths, and the eyes of the Indian children who loved to look down into the placid waters, and watch the gleaming fish dart hither and thither through the tops of the great trees that had been buried there ages before by some fearful avalanche or mountain-slide.

Outside these forests, for miles and miles, stretch fields of wild hyacinth blossoms, making the valleys blue for months; and over these beautiful lowlands once roamed the careless and happy Indians, taking no thought, for the greater part of the year, of anything but the beauty and richness that lay around them.

When the wet season set in dark and

dreary, and the birds sat with folded wings in the tree-tops, and the hyacinth blooms hung heavy with rain-drops, or when winter came, and the white swans had flown southward, and the deep river cañons were filled with snow, and the forests gleamed in their mail of sleet and ice, then the Indian would retreat to his uncomfortable quarters and shiver hopelessly through the desolate time of frost and blight; but for the greater part of the year life meant to him only a long holiday, with blue skies, sweet flowers, days of pleasant fishing, and nights of untroubled sleep under the great brilliant stars.

Their children, who knew nothing of any land or people save their own, wandered throughout the length and breadth of the country with the freedom of the gentle-eyed fawns. The smooth carpet of pine needles made easy walking for their bare brown feet, and the rivers brought to them rare treasures from their mountain sources, pretty stones, floating bark for their tiny canoes, and bits of shining quartz and metal whose yellow gleam gave them no hint of its priceless value.

All sights and sounds were to them only a part of the general happiness, even the shadow of the eagle darkening the lake, the scream of the panther in the moon-lit jungle, or the growl of the bear in the gloomy forest meaning only a chance for some brave exploit which should be told in the council of the elders, and listened to with admiration and respect.

Never were there happier lives than those of these Indian children, whose homes were roofed by the great sheltering trees, whose food was the fish and berries that were had for the asking, and whose slumber was the sweetest when taken on the spicy boughs of the pine or balsam.

But in time the knowledge of this fair land came to the white man, and traveller after traveller visited the beautiful valleys, climbed the mountains, and wandered through the forests, and at last, as was their way, the whites claimed all the land for their own, and denied the Indians any rights whatever.

And because of the discovery of the mouth of the Columbia River by an American seaman, and the explorations of Lewis and Clarke, the United States claimed all that territory through which the great river flowed as a part of the Union.

Besides this, the purchase of Florida settled clearly that the lands lying along the Pacific coast to the north of California were included in the Louisiana purchase, and thus it is seen that here was another reason why the Columbia River region should be considered as a part of the United States.

But for many years, England, whose subjects had also explored this region, would not admit this claim, and the northwestern boundary line between the United States and British America remained for a long time unsettled.

The United States claimed the country as far north as the fifty-fourth parallel, while the British government insisted that the forty-ninth parallel should be the dividing line.

There was therefore a large tract of country that was claimed at the same time by two different nations, and this gave rise to innumerable disputes.

Great Britain established fur companies in this region, and practically held possession of it; but as the Americans also had fur companies further south, this only increased the difficulty.

Hunters and trappers in the employ of American and British companies roamed over the whole country, and as emigrants from the United States began settling along the coast, and in the river valleys, the trouble became greater each year, and it was readily seen that the question of boundary must be decided.

The country had taken its name from the quantities of wild rice that grew along the coast, called in Spanish, *oregano*, and for many years the Oregonians, as they called themselves, had the greatest difficulties to contend with in their attempts to settle that wild and uncivilized land. For not only did they have to defend their little homes from the treachery of the Indians, but they had likewise to protect their property from the lawless hands of those who stood ready to grasp any portion of their hardly won wealth, for they well knew that, no matter how great their grievance might be, it was quite impossible to hope for punishment to follow the guilty, when law and order did not exist. A man might commit the greatest crime against the community, and then claim the protection of his country to free him, and since both Americans and English were always ready to deny each other's right to the soil, the early days of settlement in Oregon were days full of trouble and dispute.

The American settlers who had journeyed thither, lured by the pleasing accounts of the promise of the land, early declared their intention of remaining a part of the United States. And when the time came in which they saw that the settlement of the difficulty could not be far off, and that probably a war would precede the decision, these hardy Oregonians met together under their outstretching pines, and proclaimed their allegiance to the United States, and declared that they would forever refuse to be considered a part of England. And in order to make their intentions as plain as possible, they raised an army, coined money out of pure gold, stamped with a sheaf of wheat and a beaver, to show their industry and plenty, and sent one of their number three thousand miles across the mountains and plains to beg Congress not to yield their fertile valleys up to England.

But their courage and loyalty would have availed little, and Great Britain and the United States would probably have settled the boundary question only after a tedious and unnecessary war, had not the trouble with Mexico turned the thoughts of Americans in a new direction.

With the hope of acquiring a vast new territory in the South, the old claim to the North did not seem so important to the United States, and greatly to the disappointment and anger of many Americans, England was allowed to take quiet possession of all the country north of the forty-ninth parallel.

This left the Oregonians members of the Union, but lost to the United States hundreds of thousands of miles of valuable territory, and was far from giving satisfaction to those Americans who had considered the claims of Great Britain as unjust.

But however unfavorable such a decision might be, a treaty making the forty-ninth parallel the boundary between the United States and British America, was signed in 1846, and from that time the northern limits of the Union have remained unchanged.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

In those old Spanish romances which filled the hearts of Spanish cavaliers with such a passionate love of adventure, the story of California, queen of the Northern Amazons, was read and studied with such absorbing interest that it soon became familiar to every youth.

And perhaps of all the legends which led to the exploration and ownership of so large a part of America by Spain, none held so important a place as this.

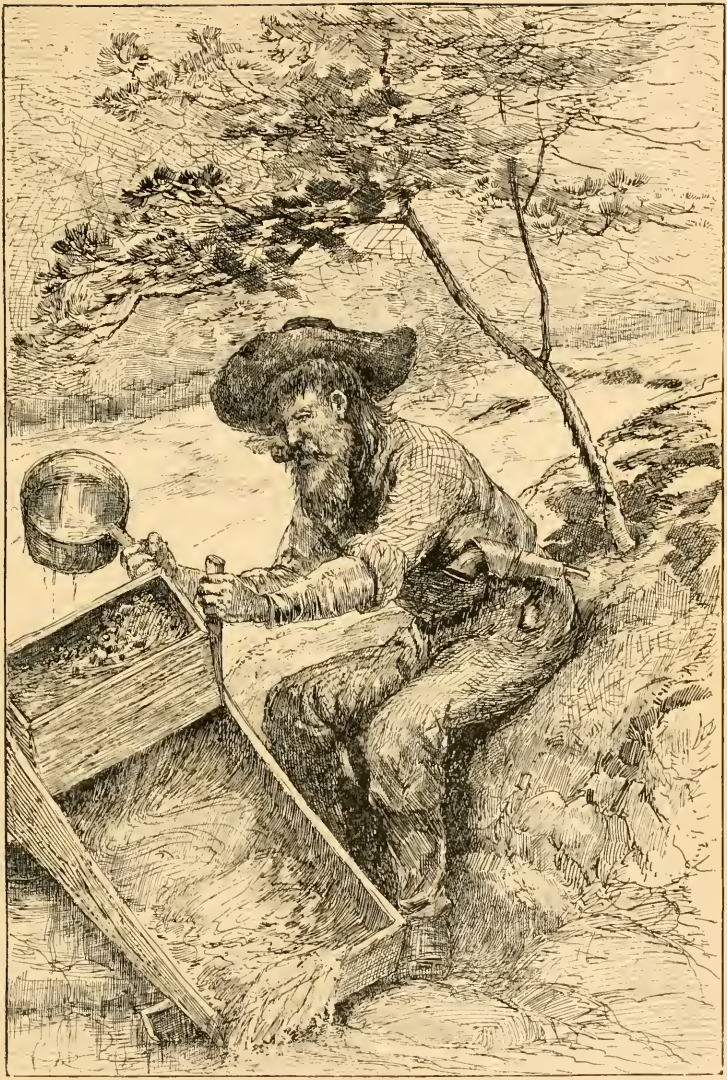
It was the belief in the existence of such a queen, that led Cabeca de Vaca in his fruitless wanderings through deserts and wildernesses, and his reports of the Indian legends only increased the interest of his friends in that wonderful land which no one yet had succeeded in discovering.

The stories of the Aztecs also all told of a region in the North, ruled by a beautiful woman, and rich with gold and precious stones, the abundance of which made their own almost inexhaustible stores seem poor in comparison. All the Southern tribes confirmed the reports of the Aztecs, and agreed in their belief in California and her fabulous wealth.

It was supposed that Cabeca de Vaca actually passed within the boundaries of this region on his way to the Gulf of California, and the visit of the Spanish missionary, Marcos de Nizza, to the same region, strengthened the report of De Vaca.

Nizza described a country rich in cities, which resembled those of Cathay and Cipango in grandeur and magnificence, and which were inhabited by a civilized race of Indians—the descendants of a beautiful queen who, in bygone ages, had made this place her home.

She had appeared suddenly in the midst of a barbarous people who then dwelt in that region, and making for herself a home in a green place in the mountains near where these



WASHING FOR GOLD.

savages were encamped, soon won for herself their love and devotion. They paid tribute to her of grain and skins, and gold, and when a great famine came which threatened to kill off all the tribe, she opened her store-houses, and gave of her abundance, so that the land was saved from desolation, and the people did not lack food, although the drought continued so long that the ground was burned to ashes, and the rivers dried up, and the cattle perished on the plains.

The son of this beautiful queen founded a new race, which dwelt in cities and knew many wonderful arts. Their gold and gems were wrought into exquisite ornaments, and the king was always served with golden dishes, and lived in palaces as gorgeous as those of the Kublai Khan.

But although the stories of Nizza roused afresh the interest of the Spanish adventurers, and new expeditions were sent out, no such country as he described could be found, and discouraged by hostile tribes and barren soil, the travellers always returned disheartened to the fertile valleys of Mexico, and solaced themselves by the gold there, which, if less abundant, was at least more certain.

As the years passed on, the old stories of de Vaca and Nizza came to be regarded as fables, and except for the presence of some strange ruins along the Rio Gila and Colorado, the fame of the beautiful queen would have been quite forgotten. But for hundreds of years the Indians in that part of the country told the story of this queen and her descendants, and although men had long ceased to believe in the reports of the gold and gems, the story of California never quite faded from their minds.

The conquerors of Mexico and Peru found it much easier to take possession of the wealth of Montezuma and the Incas, than to explore inhospitable regions, and search for treasure that would have to be dug out of the earth, and the delightful climate of Mexico was much more to their taste than the barren sea-coast of California.

They left this region, therefore, to the few tribes of Indians who wandered over it, and contented themselves by sending out priests to establish missions, and bring the savages to the knowledge of the truth as held by Spanish cavaliers, namely, that so long as gold and precious stones refused to bless the land, the Indian might keep it for his own.

But the priests did better work than the Crown had meant, and slowly gathered the miserable savages, who were of the lowest class of Indians, around the little missions and taught them ways of peace and comfort.

These sharp-eyed priests soon discovered that the old romance of California was not all a dream of some inventive writer, for they found that the river-beds and mountains held precious stores of shining gold. But they believed that the herding of cattle was a surer and healthier means of wealth than digging in the earth after hidden minerals, and so kept the secret safe, and taught the Indians how to care for their herds, and prepare the skins for market, and cultivate the beautiful valleys that lie between the snow-capped mountains.

They taught them also to live together in brotherly love and kindness, and the little missions soon came to be fair places of comfort and peace; and the good priests blessed their dark-skinned converts, and closed their eyes in quiet content at last, believing that the curse of gold would never come upon their happy land. For more than a hundred years it seemed that their wish would be fulfilled, for California still remained peopled only by the Indians, whose knowledge of the wishes and ambitions of the white race was learned entirely from the devoted and self-sacrificing priests. And thus it happened that, while the Indians of Mexico were degenerating by contact with Spanish influence, those of California were being elevated by the same influence unspoiled by the love of gold.

Sixteen important missions, with more than forty villages dependent upon them, were established by the Jesuits in Upper and Lower California, and it was not until after the expulsion of this order by the Spanish Government that Spanish influence became hurtful to the Indians. After that, the prosperity and morals of the mission Indians began to suffer from contact with the whites, and as gradually the missions ceased to exert their former control, the natives became more and more corrupt, and copied the vices of the white man as faithfully as they had tried to copy his virtues, and with much greater success.

With the establishment of the Republic of Mexico, California passed from under Spanish rule, and as about this time emigration from the United States began to come into the country from the East, the native Californians soon became familiar with ideas of freedom and self-government, and even formed a project for freeing themselves from Mexico, and setting up a separate government.

The first American colony in California consisted chiefly of hunters and trappers from the Rocky Mountains and waters of the Columbia, and as these men were hardy and independent, and always ready for excitement, they had no difficulty in taking the lead with the Californians and making them attempt any measures that they suggested.

It was the presence of these Americans that made the conquest of California by the United States, at the time of the Mexican war, such an easy matter; and as the Californians were continually quarrelling among themselves, and their Mexican rulers managed affairs so badly that things kept going from bad to worse, it perhaps excuses the injustice of the seizure of California by the Americans, a little, to reflect that after all the condition of many of the people could not be made worse, while there was a chance that the incorporation of the State with the American Union might make it better.

The old missions had been so neglected, that many of the mission Indians had been driven among the wild tribes whom they excited to bitter enmity against their old friends, and on the other hand, the Spanish officers drove off hundreds of the converts from their lands, keeping all the cattle which rightfully belonged to them, and performing such acts of injustice generally, that the two races were fast becoming deadly foes.

After the American occupation of California, the Indians still suffered from the selfishness and tyranny of the whites, who gradually took possession of all the fairest portions of the country, leaving only the mountains and barren parts as places of retreat for the natives, and finally, as was the case in every other part of the New World, the Indian discovered that he had no rights to lands or cattle which the white man might wish to claim, and fell back into his old ways of living, and became once more a foe to the white race, and an enemy to civilization.

As great as the acquisition of the new territory seemed, the United States had really no idea of the wealth of the country they had so unjustly wrenched from the Mexicans.

It is true, no one had ever forgotten the old fables of the golden mountains, and mines of precious stones, but every one really supposed that the wealth of Northern California lay entirely in its healthful climate, and the great facilities for raising cattle.

The Californians were the hardiest of all the Mexican races, and their success in herding, together with the abundance of good pasture, made the country seem a most valuable possession.

From their earliest years the children of this race were taught the use of the lasso. As soon as a child could stand alone he was given a toy lasso, and taught to throw it around the neck of a kitten; next he would use it upon the dog, and then upon a goat or calf, and so on until he was able to mount his wild horse and hunt the panther and grizzly bear.

Thus there grew up in this region the most splendid horsemen in the world. And as the Americans were not slow in learning the use of their weapons, and soon rivalled them in the chase, California, before its cession to the United States, was one of the most famous hunting grounds in America.

But in the same month in which the treaty of peace between Mexico and the United States was signed, February, 1848, an event occurred which changed all things in California as suddenly as if a magician had passed his wand over the land, and made its fertile plains and million flocks vanish utterly into the sea.

As soon as men knew of this wonder they left their herds to the wolves, and their homes to the Indians, and their vineyards to lie neglected forever, and started with one accord toward the hill country, for there, up among the pines on the slopes of the mountains, had been found heaps of those glittering particles which the eyes of the old Spanish cavaliers had sought so long in vain. The romances had failed to point the way, but the old fables came true for all that, and California was found at last to be a land of fabulous wealth, with its rivers, and hills, and mountains, full of measureless stores of gold.

In a short time the towns and villages were almost entirely deserted, only the women and children being left behind, while every man, old enough or young enough, had shouldered pick and shovel and started for the mines.

Monterey, San Francisco, San José, and Santa Cruz, were left almost without a man. Shops were closed, buildings left unfinished, brick-yards, saw-mills, and *ranchos* deserted.

Merchants, lawyers, carpenters, blacksmiths, cooks, clerks, herdsmen, and Indians—all thronged up the river valleys, and even the army and navy service could not keep men back. Crews deserted their vessels, volunteers in the army and navy left in large bodies for the mines, and a captain could only be sure of enough men to man his ship by keeping the sea between him and San Francisco Harbor, as threats of punishment and disgrace alike failed to impress the men once they had their eyes turned toward the gold regions.

Tools of any kind brought the most exorbitant prices. Bowls, trays, dishes, and even warming-pans, were carried off and used for washing gold. All the iron in California was worked up into pick-axes, crow-bars, and spades, these latter selling for ten, and sometimes fifty dollars apiece.

Food and clothing at once commanded the highest prices, but even then there could scarcely be found any-one willing to spend time so precious in cultivating the ground or preparing food, and it seemed, during the first months of the gold fever, that the old story of Midas was repeated, and men must die of hunger although surrounded with inexhaustible wealth.

The gold that had lain hidden for thousands of years now showed itself everywhere, on river-banks and in river-beds, in dry ravines, on rocky hill-sides, on the slopes of the mountains, and in the valleys of the principal streams.

The gold-diggings looked like immense gypsy encampments. Tents, wigwams, bark-huts, and bush-arbors served as homes for the eager miners who went about their work clad in the most fantastic garments, a combination of several different national costumes being most frequent. Mexican and South American articles of dress, brought in by steamers from Valparaiso and Chili, were sold for fabulous prices, and the banks of the streams showed the curious picture of men, clothed in the picturesque fashion of Spanish America, standing up to their knees in water, or kneeling down on the banks while they sifted out the gold from the particles of sand and gravel.

Nothing was needed for the work but a pick, a pan, and a handkerchief, and with these simple means hundreds of dollars' worth of gold could sometimes be obtained in a single day.

In those days communication between the East and the West was slow and uncertain, and for several months after the great discovery the Californians and such strangers as chance brought into the territory had all the gold to themselves.

Letters from the naval and military departments were sent to the General Government, but as the mail was carried by ship, it was months before the news of this startling discovery reached the Atlantic States. But when it once became known that gold had been found in California the excitement knew no bounds, and it seemed for a time that the East would be depopulated.

Merchants, mechanics, professional men and common laborers at once started in immense numbers for the West. All those who could afford it went by sea, but by far the greater number started overland across the continent.

Four thousand miles of the most difficult travelling lay between them and their goal, but all fears vanished at the prospect of the wealth that awaited them. Mountains and rivers, deserts and forests, and plains infested with hostile Indians, all had to be passed, to say nothing of the variety of climate, and the dangers from sickness and want and wild beasts of the most ferocious kinds.

And yet, in spite of the fact that the roads across the plains were speedily marked by the graves of those who had fallen victims to the hardships of such a journey, emigration to the West did not diminish, but increased more and more as time went on and it became certain that the supply of gold would not fail for many a long year to come.

Very often families on their way to the mines would join together and form a large caravan, thus increasing their safety and presenting a better defence against the Indians.

These caravans were furnished with outfits as extensive as if they had been starting for a voyage into some unknown sea. A compass was just as necessary here as on the ocean, and some person capable of taking observations to find out the latitude and longitude accompanied every band of emigrants. Pack-horses and saddle-horses, bred on the frontier, were provided for the men, while the women and children were carried in large canvas-covered wagons, that wound slowly across the prairies in long lines, and at a distance looked like a flock of white geese stalking down to the water.

Medicines, blankets, tools of all kinds, supplies for every emergency, tents, cooking utensils, guns, pistols, knives, and powder and shot, were all a part of this motley outfit, each article being equally necessary to the general comfort.

The party generally travelled by day, encamping at night by the banks of some stream, where fish could be taken for supper and breakfast, or in some secure place in the mountains where game was plentiful and means of defence against the Indians easy.

On Sunday the caravans not infrequently remained in camp part of the day, while divine service was held by the minister, who was always sure to be found in every large party of emigrants; the camp at this time looking not unlike the early New England settlements, with the congregation gathered together in the open air, and sentinels posted at safe distances to warn of the approach of any prowling bands of Indians.

At other times parties of friendly natives, whose favor had been obtained by gifts of knives and beads and other trinkets, would be allowed to come into camp, and listen with awe-struck countenances while the white man talked to the Great Spirit.

But for the most part the Indians were hostile, and this formed one of the greatest obstacles in crossing the plains.

Besides the emigration from the East, a tide of foreign emigration swept over the land as soon as the news of the wonderful discovery found its way to Europe. Germans, Poles, English, Irish, Scotch, Dutch, and French at once took ship for America, and started for the gold mines. Travelling across a strange land, with no knowledge of the language and customs of the natives, and with an almost absurd fear of the Indians, these foreigners, under the guidance of American leaders, presented a curious spectacle. With no idea of the vastness of the country, when they landed in New York and found that more than the width of Europe lay between them and the gold-fields, their consternation was unbounded. And with the strangest opinions of the people, their wonder and ignorance were most amusing.

They believed that Americans and Indians were alike cannibals, ready to prey upon unsuspecting foreigners, and had the wildest notions about the buffalo and other animals of the plains, while everything was marvellous to them, even to the strange ways of American cooking.

And thus amid hardship and danger, not unmingled with odd and amusing experiences, the first brave pioneers of the gold-diggings found their way into the land of their desires.

As will be seen, the increase of population was soon felt, and cities and towns sprang up as if by magic. Where the search proved successful the towns became permanent, but often the first handfuls of gold would be all that would be found, and then the busy population of a thriving village would vanish in a single night, and be found next far away on the banks of some river, or on the slopes of a mountain that the white man had never before known.

And so the gold-seekers flew hither and thither as the gold appeared or eluded them, and it was not until the whole country had been thoroughly explored and the deposits and mines definitely mapped out, that the population of California lost its Arab character and settled down into steady living and permanent homes.

Beautiful cities then arose, and fine buildings, and residences that became famous all over the world.

San Francisco, whose old name of Yerba Buena, "good herb," was lost, and its still older one resumed, soon became the metropolis of the Pacific, leaving far behind the cities of the South American coast that had been founded in such magnificence by the Spanish conquerors.

Beautifully situated on a crescent-shaped bay, with the snow-capped mountains in the distance, it speedily became the most popular resort in the gold regions, and its population increased by thousands.

A few years after the discovery of gold, California had changed as utterly as it is possible for a country to change. Wealth abounded everywhere, and the beautiful mansions and gardens of the Pacific coast became world renowned, while, to one who knew of the treasures that still lay stored in its mountains, it seemed that the El Dorado of the old romances was found at last, and rivalled in richness the mines of Cathay or the famous Gardens of the Hesperides.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE REBELLION.

For forty years after the Missouri Compromise, slavery was still the great question between the North and the South.

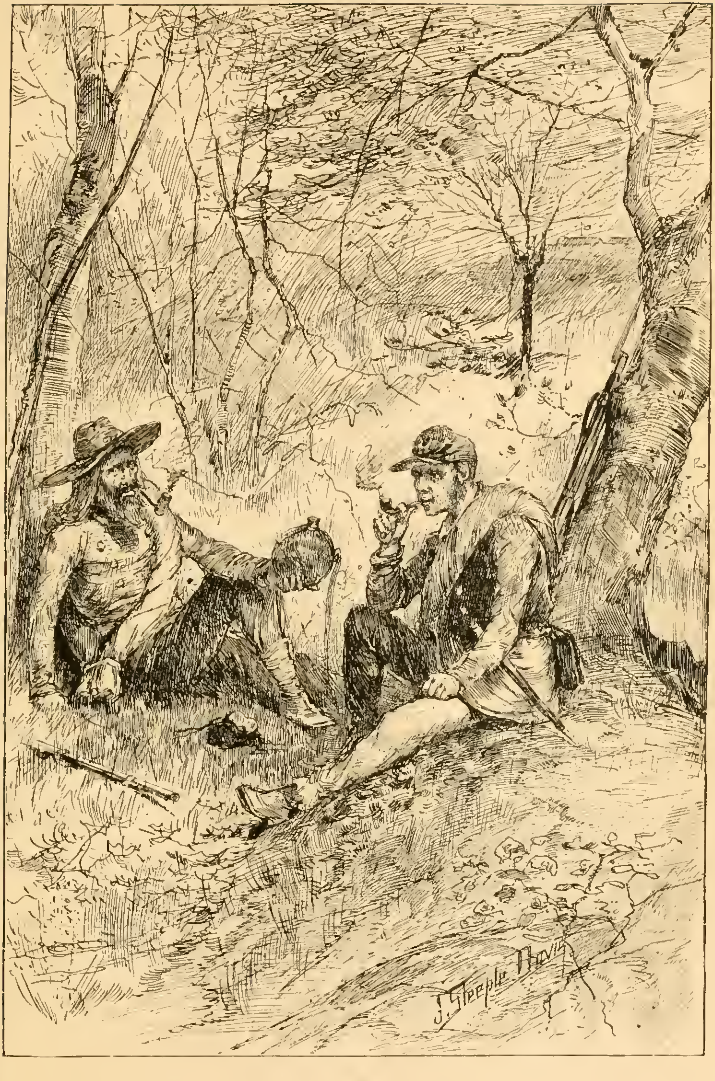
The annexation of Texas, the Mexican War, the possession of the Southwestern territories and California, and the admission of almost every new State, all formed subjects for fierce discussions in Congress on slavery.

The South was so afraid of losing any of its power that it demanded more and more every year, while the North disputed the right of the South to claim so much for itself, and did everything possible to keep down Southern influence.

And so, during the years that followed the admission of Missouri, so many bitter quarrels arose between the people of the North and those of the South that it finally seemed that they no longer belonged to one race and one country, and they grew to look upon one another as they would look upon foreigners, almost forgetting that North and South had alike borne the dangers and glory of the Revolution, and that North Carolina and Massachusetts, New York and Virginia, had more than once joined hands and fought bravely under the stars and stripes, proving to the whole world what great things a young and feeble nation might do when united in the bonds of brotherhood and love.

There were other reasons than slavery to account for the bad feeling that grew up between the two regions; the principal one being the different way in which they both looked upon the rights of the Republic.

The North regarded every State, no matter how powerful, as only a small part of the nation, and subject to the laws of the General Government; while the South, on the contrary, declared that every State had a right to decide for itself in all matters, and that if Congress


J. Steeple Davis

A TRUCE BETWEEN PICKETS.

passed any law that might displease the people of one State, no matter how beneficial the law might be to the nation at large, that State had a perfect right to object and leave the Union and form a separate government, either alone by itself, or with other States that might sympathize with it.

This was the doctrine of States' rights, which the South cherished more dearly than anything else in the world, quite forgetting that the early days of the Revolution had shown the colonies that they possessed no strength except in union, and that North and South alike had tried in vain to obtain recognition in Europe until they joined together and formed one nation.

Another cause was the great difference in the habits of the two sections. In the North every laboring man could vote for or against any law which Congress wished to pass, and this gave every man the feeling that he was a part of the nation, and that its interests were his. But in the South the labor was all performed by slaves, who were so despised by the masters that even labor itself came to be looked upon as a degrading thing, and any one who worked with his hands was considered much inferior to the plantation owners, and in fact, the poor white class of the South, ignorant and incapable of earning an honest living, was nearly as degraded as the slaves themselves.

Thus in the North, where labor had a voice in the Government, it was respected and powerful; in the South, where it was looked upon as a sign of inferiority, it was despised and helpless. And if slavery had been allowed to spread all over the United States, instead of the great future that lies before it, our country could only have looked to a shameful decay, for the history of the world has proven that not by the wealth or power of the few does a nation grow to honor and greatness, but by the earnest effort of each man who claims for himself only that which he has earned by his own labor, and who scorns to take advantage of the ignorant and helpless.

And then, besides these two reasons, there were others that made the North and South grow apart. The West had been settled almost entirely by people from the Middle and Eastern States, and thus the feeling of kinship between the East and the West was very strong. All over the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys, among the Rocky Mountains, and along the Pacific coast, could be found settlers whose habits of living and manner of thought could be traced to the North Atlantic and Middle States.

All the great railroads and canals ran east and west across the country, and thus the communication between the East and the West was easier than between the North and the South, and so it happened that the Western settlers and Northern people were much better acquainted with one another than those of the North and the South, and their interests were more in common.

And so, after some years, in the North and the South a generation grew up that misunderstood each other's feelings and purposes, and suspected each other of motives that were far from honorable.

The South looked upon the North as given over to trade and money-making, and willing to submit to any base usage rather than have its commerce interfered with, claiming that no honor or chivalry existed anywhere except in the South, while the North resented this imputation and declared that the South was ignorant, and barbarous in its treatment of the slaves, and that Southern chivalry meant only, in many cases, inhumanity and selfishness.

For years and years this state of feeling lasted, but as long as the President of the United States and the chief members of Congress sympathized with the South, there was no serious danger of greater trouble; but when Abraham Lincoln was chosen President in 1860, the South felt that it could no longer compel the General Government to give its entire support to slavery, for Lincoln and his party were bitterly opposed to the way in which the North had been obliged to defer to the wishes of Southern slave-holders.

The great statesmen of the South had declared that they would break up the Union if

Mr. Lincoln were elected, and in December, 1860, they carried this threat out as far as possible. Several Southern States, led by South Carolina, set up a government of their own, with Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, as President, and declared themselves no longer a part of the United States.

The new government styled itself the Confederate States of America, and went into office a month before the inauguration of Lincoln, in March, 1861.

Although the South had threatened to leave the Union many times, the North never really believed that such a thing would happen, and so the forming of the new government gave a shock to all lovers of the Union, North and South. Still the Government of the United States only looked on quietly, while the Southern leaders took possession of forts and arsenals and war-supplies all over the South, and made preparations to defend themselves from any army that might be sent against them.

The North did nothing except talk of reconciliation, until the Southerners proved that they were in earnest by firing on Fort Sumter. The fort was defended by the brave and loyal Major Anderson, who refused to surrender, though his garrison consisted only of seventy men, while the men in the Confederate forts and batteries numbered seven thousand.

For thirty-four hours Fort Sumter was the target for all the Confederate guns, and it was only when the barracks took fire and the powder was almost gone that the gallant defender consented to a surrender, on the condition that he should be allowed to leave with the honors of war.

And so the brave little company, after using their last charge of powder in saluting their flag, marched out with drums beating and colors flying, and the fort was left in possession of the enemy.

Never before, since the United States had been a nation, had anything happened so full of terrible consequences as the firing on the national flag at Fort Sumter.

The North sprang up, strong and fierce in its wrath, to avenge this insult to the flag, and bring the Southern States back to their obedience. Two days after the fall of Fort Sumter three hundred thousand volunteers had offered their services to the National Government; five days afterward, April 19, 1861, a Massachusetts regiment, passing through Baltimore on its way to Washington, was fired into, and several men killed. War had begun, and as on the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, the first blood was shed in that terrible conflict in which brother fought against brother, and friend against friend, alike forgetting the common ties that should have bound them so closely together.

At first both sides were sure of easy victory; the North only looked upon the rebellion of the Southern States as a big riot, to be quelled by the presence of United States troops, while the South thought that the North would consent to the new arrangement rather than have her trade ruined by war.

But the battle of Bull Run, fought on July 21st, showed to the nation the real character of the struggle. In this battle the Union troops were defeated, and retreated in a panic to

Washington City, and then for the first time the North realized that it had to fight against an enemy well prepared for battle, and that the contest would be long and severe.

Besides the defeat at Bull Run, the United States had other discouragements during the early days of the war. England and France both sympathized with the South, and vessels for the use of the Confederate navy were built in English ship-yards, showing to the whole world that Great Britain entertained small friendship for the United States; and thus at the very beginning of the struggle the Union had to contend with foes at home and enemies abroad.

In the North and the South the war feeling was fierce and decided from the beginning, but in the border States lying between the two sections there were friends both of the Union and the Confederacy. Virginia, west of the Alleghany Mountains, sympathized with the North; Kentucky wished to remain neutral; and Missouri was evenly divided.

And thus the last two States were claimed by both North and South, and suffered more from the effects of war than any other part of the country.

The Union and Confederate armies both considered they had a perfect right to camp on this disputed territory and scour the country for provisions, and the towns and villages and farms were never free from hostile and lawless soldiery, who pillaged houses, ravaged grain fields, stole horses and cattle, and burned barns and woodland, under the impression that they were serving their cause nobly by thus devastating a region that might at any moment be occupied by the enemy.

From the beginning of the war the Union Army had three objects to accomplish. To get possession of the Mississippi River down to New Orleans, and thus divide the Confederacy into two parts; to command the Southern ports, and thus prevent Confederate vessels from taking any part in the war; and to capture Richmond, the capital of the South.

Early in the second year of the war, the first of these projects was undertaken.

General Grant moved from Cairo with his army, and with the help of the Union fleet, took two very important forts on the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers, and pressed on to Pittsburg Landing.

Here was fought one of the most terrible battles of the war. The action took place on a plateau about two miles from the landing, near a log meeting-house which was known as Shiloh Church, and from this circumstance the engagement has been known as the battle of Shiloh.

In the early dawn, on Sunday, April 6, 1862, the Confederates rushed out of the woods in regular battle-line, and began a fierce attack on the Union troops; and for twelve long hours the air was filled with smoke and flash of guns, and roar of cannon, shouts of triumph, and groans of dying men. The Union soldiers fought bravely, but the Southern army seemed inspired with the sure hope of victory, and step by step the national troops fell back toward the river. When the very brink was reached, and the disheartened troops stood on the edge of the bluff overlooking the Tennessee, General Grant massed his men together and prepared for a last struggle. Between the two armies lay a deep ravine, and as the Confederates dashed down one side and began the ascent of the other, they were met by a fire so terrible, that advance seemed impossible. Again and again the attempt was made, and Southern dash and daring might have won at last, had not reinforcements for Grant come on the field.

The Confederates fell back for the time, having captured three thousand prisoners and immense stores, together with the Union camps and thirty flags. They rejoiced over their apparent success and looked for victory the next day. In their great elation they became almost lawless, and as the night came on dark and stormy, bivouacked in small companies here and there, just as the darkness overtook them.

The next morning the Union army advanced in a cold drizzling rain, and step by step regained the ground that had been lost the day before. All along the lines the battle raged fiercely, and as the Southern forces were pressed farther and farther back into the woods, and driven from tree to tree, they gave up all hope of victory, and were ordered to retreat.

The victory was with the Union army; the loss was terrible, both sides losing about ten thousand men.

The effects of this battle were most important. Memphis was secured a short time afterward, and Kentucky and Western Tennessee were entirely under the Union flag.

In the latter part of the same month, Admiral Farragut captured New Orleans, thus leaving Vicksburg, the only important fort on the Mississippi, in possession of the enemy.

A year and three months after the battle of Shiloh, Vicksburg also surrendered to General Grant, and thus one great object of the North was accomplished. The Mississippi was in possession of the United States, down to the Gulf, and the Confederacy was cut into two parts.

On the sea and coast the struggle was as fierce as in the West, and off the coast of Virginia the Unionists gained a victory even more brilliant and important than that of Farragut.

On March 8, 1862, the Confederate ironclad Merrimac steamed into Hampton Roads and attacked the Union squadron. The wooden frigates tried in vain to make a stand against this formidable enemy. Their balls fell harmlessly on her iron and steel covering, and the Merrimac had it all her own way.

The United States frigate Cumberland made a brave defence and finally sank without striking her flag, carrying down all on board.

The Congress was burned to the water's edge, and the Minnesota was only saved by being run aground.

At sunset the Merrimac returned to Norfolk, and the Confederates retired to rest sure of easy victory on the morrow. And victory now would mean so much. For if the Merrimac kept on her work of destruction, not a Union ship would escape. The whole coast would be in the hands of the enemy, and every harbor on the Atlantic serve as a holding place for Southern fleets.

But the Unionists had a hope too, that night, notwithstanding the discouragements of the day, and they also waited for the dawn, with hearts full of courage, for at nine o'clock a little insignificant vessel steamed into harbor bearing with it some promise of success. It was the Monitor, a new kind of war-vessel, built of iron and almost impregnable against attack.

The Merrimac returned in the morning and at once began an attack on the Minnesota, but the Monitor promptly appeared on the scene, and the Confederate vessel found herself obliged to act on the defensive. For two hours the two ships poured their heaviest balls into each other, but without the slightest effect.

Five times the Merrimac tried to run down the Monitor with her iron beak, but each time the little vessel glided out unharmed. At last the Monitor sent a shell crashing through the port-hole of the Merrimac, injuring several of the crew, and after a few more useless shots the Merrimac steamed off in despair. The victory remained with the Union fleet and was of the greatest importance, for if the Merrimac had been successful there is no doubt that the whole Atlantic coast would have fallen an easy prey to

Confederate ships. Foreign nations would have given their support to so brave a cause, and supplies and help would have reached the Confederacy from European nations that were now too timid to offer help to either side.

But the retreat of the Merrimac left things as they were, with the Atlantic harbors in possession of the Unionists, and the Southern navy only of small consideration in the carrying on of the war, for new monitors were speedily built, and the United States navy was soon in a position to defend the North from any attack no matter how severe.

But although the Union forces were victorious in the West and on the coast, the advance on Richmond was checked again and again by the bravery and skill of the Southern leaders. And indeed, General Robert Lee, who commanded the Southern army, not only managed to keep the Unionists away from Richmond, but made one or two moves against Washington City, and by his superior generalship kept the Union army too busy in defending the North to make further advance on the South possible.

There were many terrible battles fought at this time, and the loss in killed and wounded and the sufferings of the troops were most disheartening.

But the North never lost faith in the justice of the cause, and the South could not yet lose faith in its courage and military skill, and so the war went on.

Early in the year 1863, President Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation giving freedom to the slaves, and this infuriated the South more than ever.

Throughout the whole war the feeling of the South against the North was one of bitter and unreasonable hatred. And this was shown in every way possible. The Southern prisons were the most wretched places imaginable, and the prisoners were treated with a cruelty revolting to civilized people. The well were starved, and the sick neglected and left to die of their wounds, while the jailers tried, by every means in their power, to render the fate of the unhappy captives unbearable.

It is true that the Southern soldier often had to be satisfied with food as poor as that which was given to the prisoners, but the sufferings of prison life were increased threefold by the inhumanity of the prison keepers, who by years and years of familiarity with the most degrading consequences of slavery; found it very easy to abuse the whites whom the fortunes of war had made helpless in their hands.

Far otherwise was it in the prisons of the North where the captured rebels were treated with a kindness that often astonished them, and gave them new views of the men who were risking life and wealth for the sake of the Right, and who instead of hating the brothers they bore arms against, hated only their mistaken sense of duty, and the inhumanity which could wish to fasten the chains of the wretched slave more firmly.

And so for years the North and the South gave their best to the war, while homes were made desolate, and industries ceased, and fertile lands were ravaged by hands that should have been employed in sowing grain and reaping fruitful harvests.

The South suffered far more than the North in this sad conflict, for the great battle-fields of the war lay almost entirely south of the Potomac.

And yet all this might have been different, and the North as well as the South laid desolate, had not the great battle of Gettysburg, fought in the third year of the war, been a Northern victory.

General Lee, encouraged by some brilliant victories over the Union troops, determined to carry the war into the North.

With the flower of the Southern army he crossed the Potomac and advanced into Pennsylvania, determined to enter Philadelphia, and perhaps New York.

The Union army was commanded by General Meade, whose forces met Lee's advance near Gettysburg on July 1, 1863. The battle at once began and turned in favor of the Confederates, the National troops being forced back and many of them made prisoners in the streets of the village.

By the afternoon of the next day both

armies were in splendid order for battle. Not a man in the ranks but knew that here would be fought the greatest battle of the war, and as the troops moved into position they felt that in a few hours perhaps the fate of the country would be decided.

The Union forces lay upon a ridge, sheltered by rock ledges and stone walls; the Confederates occupied another ridge at some distance opposite, and between the two armies lay a valley rich with fields of grain and pasture, where groups of cattle were quietly feeding.

But although the fighting was fierce and terrible, the second day came to a close with the battle still unfinished, though many thousand men lay dead on the field; and at ten o'clock at night when the troops ceased firing they could only look forward to another day of horror and bloodshed.

The hours of darkness were spent in making arrangements to renew the battle, but when the morning came both generals were loath to begin the conflict, for each one felt that this would be the last and decisive day of the fight.

At one o'clock Lee's guns opened fire, and two hours afterward the Confederates swept out of the woods in double battle-line and advanced toward the Union forces. They came on in splendid order and with magnificent bravery, well knowing that advance up that guarded slope meant certain death to almost all.

Gun after gun sent its terrible charges of shot and shell among them, and rank after rank was mown down, but in spite of broken lines and raking fire they pushed forward and planted their flags on the breastworks.

But bravery and endurance were of no avail under the fire that poured out from the Union guns. They were besieged on every side, and after fighting hand to hand and inflicting deadly loss on the National lines, they fled from the field.

Gettysburg was won by the Union, but forty thousand men lay dead on the field, and the rejoicing that went up from the North when it became known that Lee had retreated, was mingled with the tears of thousands whose bravest and best had gone down in those awful charges.

The defeat of Lee decided the fate of the war. Already the fall of Vicksburg had given the Mississippi into the hands of the Union, and all thought of a Northern invasion was from this time given up.

Henceforth the South tried only to defend itself from the Northern armies, and gave up offensive warfare.

In the midst of these terrible times a new State was admitted into the Union. Western Virginia had from the first shown entire sympathy with the North, and now, with a faith in the triumph of the Right that was both brave and beautiful, the little loyal State claimed her kinship with the Union, glad to bear her portion of the struggle.

The next year, 1864, General Grant, who had been made commander of all the Union forces, decided to destroy the two great armies of the South that were commanded by Lee and Johnston.

General Sherman was to march into Georgia and attack General Johnston, while at the same time Grant would move on Lee's army in

Virginia. The first of these plans was carried out with splendid effect by Sherman. He drove Johnston from place to place until Atlanta was reached, when the Southern general was succeeded in command by General Hood, who in three attacks tried to repulse the Union forces, but without success. For months the campaign continued, the soldiers marching and fighting day and night, while the country was ravaged.

The South had depended upon the manufactories of Georgia for its supply of clothing, wagons, harness, powder, balls, and cannon, and while Sherman occupied the State, it was impossible for the supplies to be regular or sure. In order, therefore, to save Georgia, Hood took his army into Tennessee, thinking Sherman would follow. But in this he was mistaken; Sherman only continued his "march to the sea," reaching the city of Savannah late in December.

By this movement Sherman had given a deadly blow to the Confederacy, and as Hood's army was almost entirely destroyed in Tennessee by the Union troops under General Thomas, there remained only the army under General Lee to sustain the Rebellion.

Almost at the same time that Sherman began his advance through Georgia, Grant started on his march to Richmond.

The battle of the Wilderness, one of the most terrible of the war, was fought soon after, Grant losing twenty thousand men and Lee ten thousand. The attack was made while the Union forces were making their way through the wilderness, and for two days, amid the gloom of trees and clouds of smoke, the fight went on, neither side claiming victory and both scorning defeat, until, worn out with exhaustion, the two armies sank behind their entrenchments, and on the third day gave over the battle.

It was supposed by the Confederates that Grant would now turn back, but he had started for Richmond, and had no intention of retreating until the Union flag was flying over the Confederate capital.

Some terrible battles followed, and the Union loss was fearful; but the army still went on, marching from post to post until April, 1865, when the army of the Potomac victoriously entered Richmond. The city had been evacuated the day before amid the direst confusion. As soon as it became known that Grant's army was ready to enter the capital, the streets were filled with an excited mass, whose only thought was to get outside the city limits. Men, women, and children hurried through the streets all night, fabulous prices being offered for the humblest conveyances. Those who could not find means of riding walked away, followed by negroes carrying trunks, bundles, bandboxes, and every imaginable kind of luggage. The wildest scenes followed. Warehouses were burned, dwellings plundered, and drunken rioters went reeling through the streets.

When the Union army entered the city the next morning, it presented an appearance equal to a town given over to the ravages of the bitterest enemy. The beautiful streets, houses, and parks were in many cases quite ruined, while the population that remained looked with terrified eyes upon the victorious army, expecting to find the Yankee soldiers the monsters they had been taught to believe them.

Order was restored as soon as possible, prison doors were opened, and the loyal hearts in Richmond once more were gladdened as the old flag floated out on the breeze, while the Army of the Potomac victorious, and cheered by the thought that the war would soon be over, was met by a welcome from the few Unionists in the city that well repaid them for their weary months of toil.

But although Richmond was taken, the war could not end while Lee still commanded an army. The hopes of the Confederacy had rested for many a long day upon this brave and skilful leader, and it now became Grant's object to force him to surrender.

But the Confederates held out with all their old courage, and Lee made desperate efforts to reach the mountains of Tennessee or Kentucky. Grant followed him with a determination that knew no rest. By day and night the Southern troops were hurried here and there by the Unionists, who seemed to spring up from all sides.

Still Lee did not give up, although his army was in a most wretched condition, and had to march almost constantly, while food was scarce and sometimes impossible to obtain.

At last General Sheridan, commanding a division of the Union army, planted his troops directly across Lee's path, and a battle seemed inevitable.

The National troops were flushed with victory and certain of success; the Confederates were wearied with heavy marches, disheartened by discouragement and suffering, and could only look forward to defeat, but they waited Lee's orders to advance upon the densely-drawn battle-lines of the Army of the Potomac with all their old bravery, and Lee's surrender would have been preceded by one of the bloodiest battles of the war, had not the stout-hearted Southern general seen the uselessness of such a sacrifice of men, and consented to a surrender.

In the afternoon of Palm Sunday, April 9, 1865, the two great generals met in a little parlor near Appomatox Court House and talked over the terms of surrender. General Grant only demanded that the Confederates should lay down their arms and promise not to fight against the United States Government.

To this Lee consented, and the army of Virginia, the pride and hope of the Confederacy, was immediately disbanded. The soldiers returned to their homes, taking with them their horses, which General Grant allowed them to keep in case they might need them on their farms; and with this hint of coming peace the great Rebellion came to an end.

To the North, Lee's surrender seemed to prove that the Right had prevailed; to the South, still loyal to the lost cause, it seemed but a sign of injustice and tyranny. But North and South were alike glad that the fearful struggle was over.

The war had cost the country a million brave and useful lives and hundreds of millions of dollars. But it had saved the Union, and given freedom to the slave. Henceforth, North and South, East and West, could mean nothing but a part of the great Republic, and freedom meant to black and white alike the rights which belong to all humanity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SOUTH AFTER THE WAR.

THE war was over and the soldiers of both armies returned to their homes and began again to lead the lives of peaceful citizens.

In the North, mills and factories, and industries of all kinds soon occupied the attention of the men who a few months before had been fighting for their country on the battle-fields of the South, and in the new prosperity which flowed in, the great debt of the war began to look less hopeless.

But in the South all was different. All throughout its length and breadth the ruined homes, the devastated plantations, the plundered cities and the thousands of homeless men and women proved what a terrible curse the war had been.

Many of the once wealthy plantation owners were as poor as the humblest slaves, and women and children who had been accustomed to the greatest luxuries before the war were now eager to obtain the coarse food and clothing which their changed circumstances allowed.

So great was the distress in the South that for a time it almost seemed that even the negroes had been little benefited by the war.

The land was useless without laborers to till it, and laborers could not be had as there was no money to pay them.

Railroads were destroyed; commerce was dead plantations; had lain useless for four years. The South had put all its hope, all its wealth, and the lives of its greatest and best men in the war, and had lost everything. There was nothing now to do but rebuild the cities, plant anew the fields of cotton and sugar, and raise once more the homes that had fallen into heaps of ruins.

With a bravery as touching as that shown by four years of hopeless struggle, the South set herself to the work, so difficult at first that it almost seemed like the efforts of a strange people to build up and occupy a waste, desolate, and foreign land.

The General Government did all in its power to help the Southern States in their hour of need.

The Freedmen's Bureau was established by Congress, having for its object the care and protection of the liberated slaves and destitute whites. By this means the negroes were enabled to support themselves, and in some cases to buy a little land and till it, the officers of the Government taking care that the titles were correct, and that the seller did not take any advantage of the ignorant purchaser.

The Civil Rights Bill was also passed, giving to the negro the rights of citizenship; or, in other words, admitting his right to defend his property, to appear in court as a witness, to hold office, and in every way be considered as a citizen of the United States.

This bill caused very bitter feeling throughout the South, where the negro had so long been considered as no more than a dog or horse; but it was the only way in which to settle, once for all, that the slave was a man, with all the rights and privileges of other men, and time has shown that it was the wisest thing that could have been done.

All the States that had seceded from the Union were left at the end of the war with no voice in the National Government. Congress could pass any law without their consent, and the whole South lay at the mercy of the Northern representatives.

Since the rebellion was crushed, and all hope of the Confederacy over, it was decided that the wisest and justest thing to do would be to acknowledge the Southern States once more as a part of the Union.

Accordingly a bill was passed allowing the Southern States to come back into the Union, on their agreement to abide by the Constitution, accepting all the changes that had been made in it since the beginning of the war. One by one the States agreed to this, and a few years after the war had ended, Senators from all the Southern States again took their seats in Congress.

After this the work of building up the South went on rapidly. Politics and political quarrels were no longer of chief importance, for the great question of slavery was forever laid aside, and the South well knew that only by the closest industry could it ever again equal the North in wealth and power.

Sooner than might have been expected, white and black alike fell into the new order of things, and flourishing plantations, busy villages, and cities rich in trade once more appeared in the States that had lately known all the horrors of war.

Year by year kindlier feeling grew up between the two great parts of the Union that had once faced each other in deadly battle, and slowly all hatred and distrust faded away. North and South joined hands in gathering together the remains of the heroes who had fallen in the struggle, and in the great cemeteries, scattered all over the South, the soldiers of both armies sleep peacefully side by side, their graves tended by loving hands and hearts that have long ceased to question whether he who lies below was friend or foe.

FEB 2 - 1949

During the years that have followed the war, the negroes have proven that, as a race, they are worthy of the fearful price that won them their freedom.

Schools have been established for them all over the South, and their industry, intelligence, and gratitude to their teachers are the best proofs that they appreciate the better heritage that has come to them.

To them, and to all, those dark days of servitude are only a memory.

The North looks with pride upon a land purified of the greatest curse that can befall a nation, and the South, with clearer vision, has long since acknowledged that the change was good, and that the new order is more worthy of her greatness than the old could ever have been.

And as year by year over the graves in the national cemeteries bloom the white flowers of peace, so in the hearts all over the Union is growing up that faith in the brotherhood of man which alone can make liberty and equality mean more than a name, and give to a nation true and lasting greatness.

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